

Happy Echoes to Your Voices



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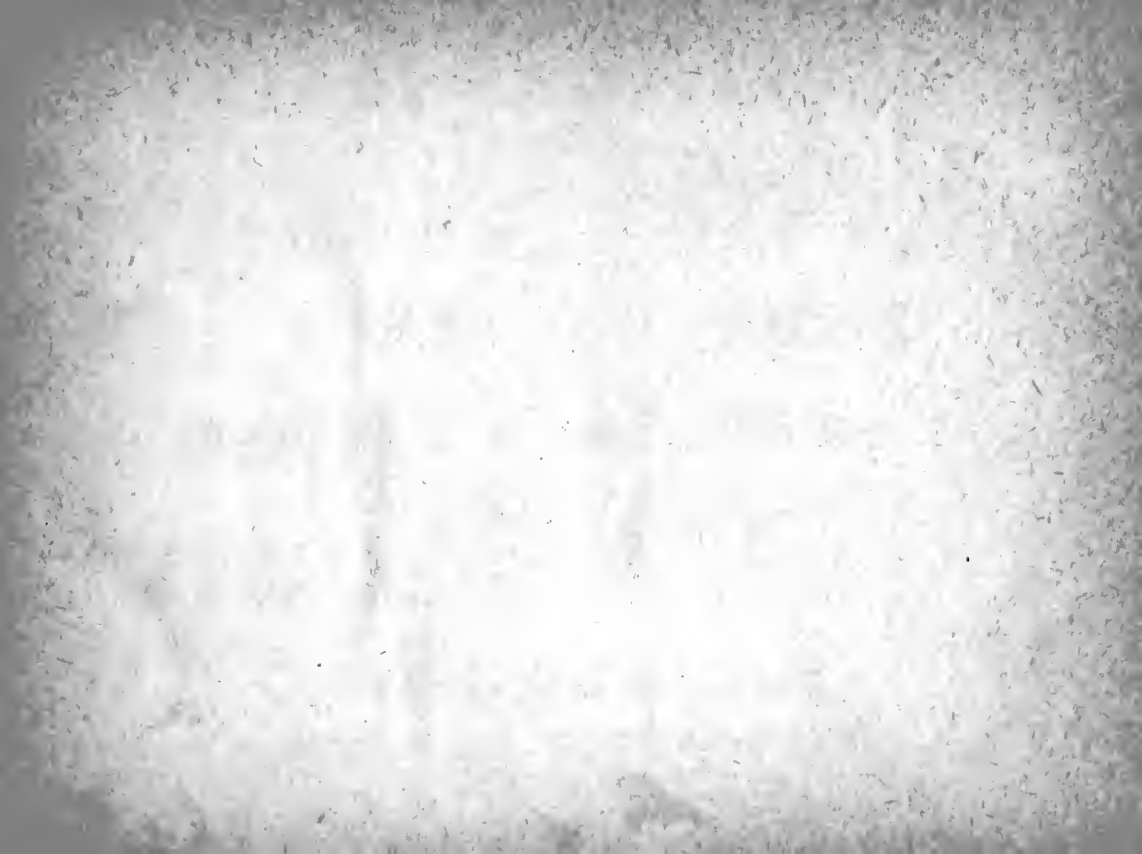
Ec 445

AMERICAN TRACT S^OY


150 NASSAU ST. NEW-YORK.

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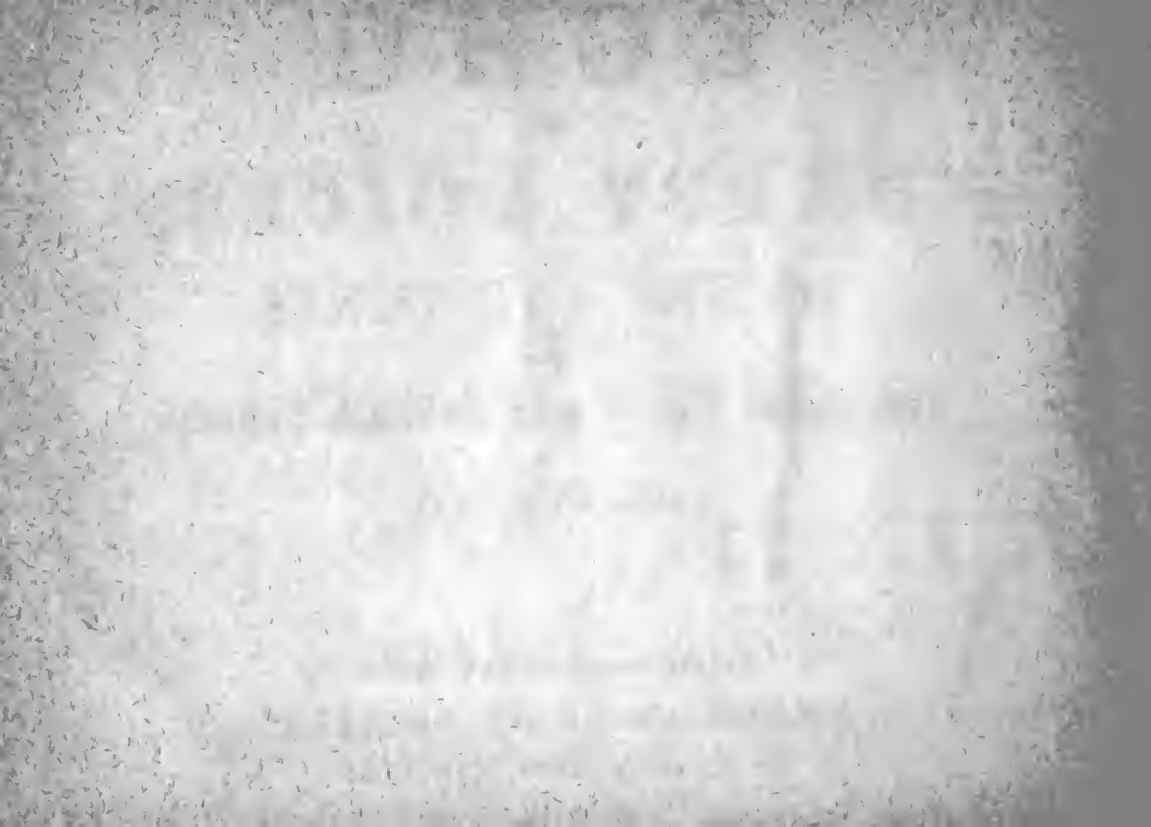






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ECHO

TO

HARRY VOICES;

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

The Home Circle and Sabbath-Schools.

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



PREFACE.

THE same qualities that have made "Happy Voices" so widely known and so highly prized, are found in this collection, and give it a rank not inferior to that, or any other, in all the elements of real excellence. A very large majority of both the tunes and the hymns are new, and the selected tunes are the gems of the books from which they are taken; and all the pieces are fitted to gratify and promote a pure musical and poetic taste. It is with much pleasure that we offer to the Christian public, and especially to our millions of young friends, a book so sure to please and benefit them, and including many new gems of music and song from composers they have already learned to love.

W. W. R.

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THE

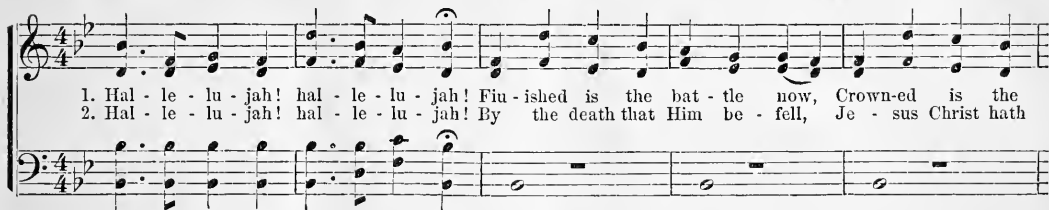
TO

HAPPY VOICES.

J. M. NEALE, D. D.

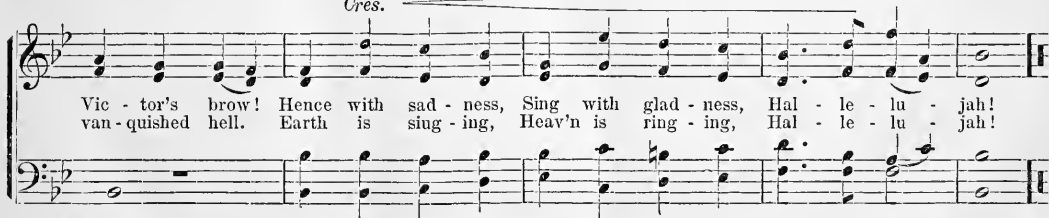
1. Hallelujah!

Music by J. T. DURYEA, D. D.



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Fin - ished is the bat - tle now, Crown - ed is the
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! By the death that Him be - fell, Je - sus Christ hath

Cres.



Vic - tor's brow! Hence with sad - ness, Sing with glad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 van - quished hell. Earth is sing - ing, Heav'n is ring - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

3. Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 On this morning he arose,
 Bright with victory o'er his foes.
 Sing we, lauding
 And applauding, Hallelujah!

4. Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 He hath closed hell's brazen door,
 Heaven is open evermore!
 Hence with sadness,
 Sing with gladness, Hallelujah!

5. Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 By thy wounds we call on thee,
 So from death to set us free,
 That our living
 Be thanksgiving! Hallelujah!

Hark! the Angels' Harps are Sounding!

Words by E. T. CARVER.

1. Hark! the an - gels' harps are sound - ing! What can raise their an - thems so? What can cause such
 2. In our Fa - ther's pres - ence dwell - ing, Au - gels know that Fa - ther's love; When that love to
 3. See the lost sons home - ward wend - ing, Nev - er more far off to roam; Nev - er more in

joy a - bounding? Tell me, for I long to know. Songs for pardon'd souls are pealing; Loud and high their
 earth is well - ing, Joy the deep - est reigns a - bove. If in heav'n such strains are swelling, 'Mid the choir of
 ri - ot spending Precious time a - way from home. God the Fa - ther now de - light - ing, God the Son his

notes they raise: Rapturous glad - ness they are feel - ing, For they're chanting Je - sus' praise.
 spir - its there, Shall not we on earth yet dwell - ing, Seek their hap - pi - ness to share?
 pleas - ure shares, God the Spir - it's grace u - ni - ting, Seals the wanderers sons and heirs.

Hosanna to the Son of David!

1. Ho - san-na to the Son of Da-vid! The chil-dren sang of old; And thro' the ho-ly tem-ple The
2. Ho - san-na to the Son of Da-vid! The palm of vic-tory wave; Ho - san-na in the high-est! He

CHORUS.

joy-ous anthem rolled. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! ho - san-na in the high-est to Da-vid's roy-al
comes to bless and save! Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! ho - san-na in the high-est, etc.

Son. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord!

3. Hosanna to the Son of David!
They sang 'mid frowns and foes;
And louder yet, and louder,
Their song triumphant rose.—CHO.

4. Hosanna to the Son of David!
Our youthful lips reply;
For us he left his glory,
For us he came to die.—CHO.

5. Hosanna to the Son of David!
Let every creature sing,
And every heart enthroned him
As Prophet, Priest, and King.—CHO.

The Old, Old Story.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in; That won - der - ful Re -

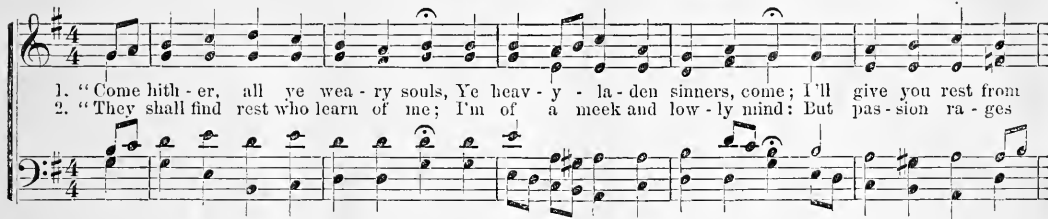
glo - ry— Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As
 demp-tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For

to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry, And sin - ful and de - filed.
 I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.

3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story—
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

5. "Come Hither, all ye Weary Souls."



1. "Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav - y - la - den sinners, come; I'll give you rest from
2. "They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind: But pas - sion ra - ges



all your toils, And raise you to my heaven - ly home, And raise you to my heaven - ly home.
like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4. Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

A Cheerful Song.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Come, children, let us sing, as we dai-ly onward press To a mansion in the heav'nly land; In the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note F#4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

path that Je - sus trod, in the way of ho - li-ness, Let us walk, a hap - py ran - somed band.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff features a melodic line with various intervals, and the bass staff continues the harmonic support.

CHORUS.
Then we'll raise the head bow'd down, And we'll think of harp and crown, And the robe that decks the shi - ning

This system marks the beginning of the chorus. The treble staff has a key signature change to two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is more rhythmic, featuring many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

throng; We will dry the tear-ful eye, For the glory's coming nigh, And we'll greet it with a cheer-ful song.

This system concludes the chorus. The treble staff ends with a final chord, and the bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats.

2. Perhaps the rankling thorn may the weary feet annoy,
Or the lurking foe may hurl the dart:
But the Saviour will provide, and our grief shall turn to joy,
As he folds us to his loving heart.—CHO.

3. True happiness is found in the pathway of the wise;
Then with cheerfulness we 'll pass along:

We are children of a King whom the wicked may despise,
But he 'll crown us in the land of song.—CHO.

4. Dear children, yet astray on the mountains drear and cold,
Wont you heed the Saviour's call to-day?
Wont you travel on with us to the city paved with gold?
Wont you walk with us the narrow way?—CHO.

7. Jesus, We Praise Thee.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Je - sus, we praise thee in our songs, We seek thee in our prayers; Our ten - der love to

thee belongs: That love each heart de - clares, O Christ, That love each heart de - clares.

2. Thou art our Lord and Friend and Guide: 3. To thee we turn when life looks bright, 4. And when the night draws nigh apace
Control and guide and lead; And youth's glad morning dawns; Thy glory gilds the night;
With thee our souls are satisfied; Gladness grows brighter in thy sight: Dim eyes behold thy shining face:
Thee, only thee, we need, O Christ, Our joy thy love adorns, O Christ, Dying, we see thy light, O Christ;
Thee, only thee, we need. Our joy thy love adorns. Waking, we see thy light.

"Jesus Died for Me."

H. KINGSBURY.

1. I love to sing of that great Power That made the earth and sea; But bet - ter still, I
 2. I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field and plant and tree; My sweet - est note for

CHORUS.

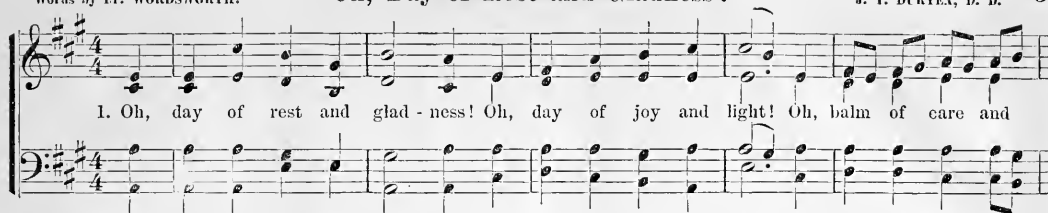
love the song Of "Je - sus died for me." "Je - sus died for me;"
 ev - er is, That "Je - sus died for me." "Je - sus died for me;" etc.

"Je - sus died for me;" Ah! most of all I love the song of "Je - sus died for me."

3. I love to speak of God, of heaven,
 And all its purity;
 God is my Father—heaven my home,
 For "Jesus died for me."

4. And when I reach that happy place,
 From all temptation free,
 I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
 With "Jesus died for me."

5. There shall I, at his sacred feet,
 Adoring, bow the knee,
 And swell the everlasting choir
 With "Jesus died for me."



1. Oh, day of rest and glad - ness! Oh, day of joy and light! Oh, balm of care and



sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend -



ing be - fore the throne, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great Three in One.

2. On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3. To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

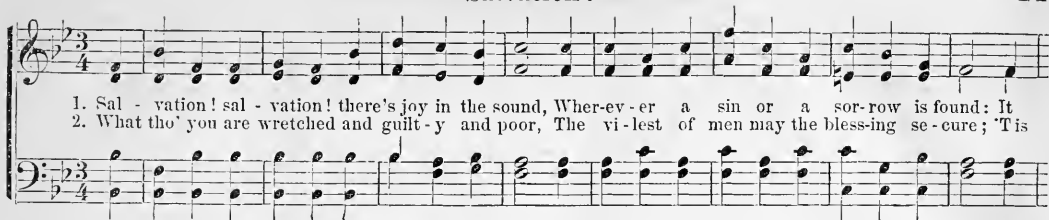
4. New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice nraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Thank God for Pleasant Weather.

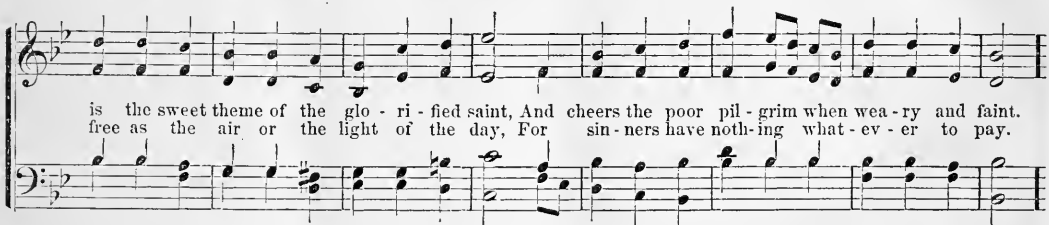
1. Thank God for pleas - ant weath - er; Chant it, mer - ry rills, And clap your hands to -
 2. Thank God, of good the giv - er; Shout it, sport - ive breeze; Re - spond, O tune - ful

3. Thank God with cheer - ful spir - it, In a glow of love, For what we here in -
 geth - er, Ye ex - ult - ing hills: Thank him, teem - ing val - ley,
 riv - er, To the nod - ding trees; Thank him, bird - and bird - ling,
 her - it, And our hopes a - - bove. U - ni - ver - sal Na - ture

Thank him, fruit - ful plain, For the gold - en sun - shine, And the sil - ver rain.
 As ye grow and sing; Min - gle in thanks - giv - ing, Ev - ery liv - ing thing.
 Rev - els in her mirth, When God, in pleasant weath - er, Smiles up - on the earth.



1. Sal - vation ! sal - vation ! there's joy in the sound, Where - ev - er a sin or a sor - row is found : It
2. What tho' you are wretched and guilt - y and poor, The vi - lest of men may the bless - ing se - cure ; 'Tis



is the sweet theme of the glo - ri - fied saint, And cheers the poor pil - grim when wea - ry and faint.
free as the air or the light of the day, For sin - ners have noth - ing what - ev - er to pay.

CHORUS.



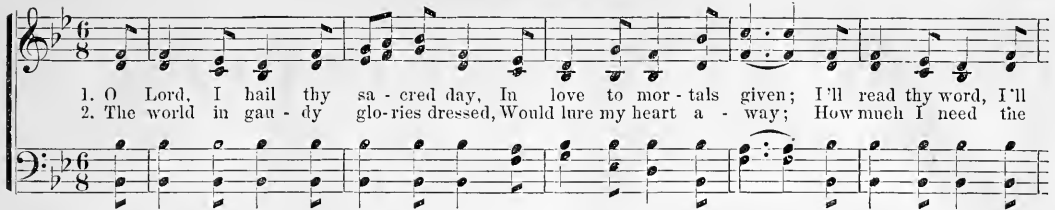
Sal - vation ! sal - va - tion from sin's con - dem - na - tion, Pro - claim thro' the world a sal - va - tion di - vine.

3. But though it is freely bestowed on the lost,
How great is its value, how great was its cost !
Not earth with its riches could furnish the price ;
The blood of Immanuel alone would suffice.—CHO.

4. Go read in his toils and his tears and his blood
His love for the sinner, which nothing subdued ;
Reject him no longer, nor pierce him anew ;
Accept the salvation he purchased for you.—CHO.

1. Life's ro - sy morn her gold - en light Is soft - ly fling - ing o'er us, And many a love - ly
fruit and flower Doth deck the path be - fore us; But, oh, the fair - est flower-ets fade When
death comes sad-ly steal - ing: Then let us seek that radiant land Where sweet-est notes are peal - ing.

2. Each day upon its heavenward flight
Should bear some record golden,
Of gentle words and loving deeds
And helping hands outholden—
Some brother cheered upon the way,
Some sister's spirit brightened,
Some wandering lamb led back again,
Some weary bosom lightened.
3. And oh, the poor, benighted lands,
Our bosoms swell with pity!
We fain would point them to the way
To the celestial city—
That city paved with purest gold,
With pearly lustre gleaming,
And light from many a sparkling crown
In wondrous beauty streaming.
4. Then let us link each heart and hand
In bonds of love together,
To toil in life's sweet summer-tide,
E'en on to wintry weather;
That soon each heart, in every clime,
From all things else may sever,
And learn to bow at Jesus' shrine
For ever and for ever.



1. O Lord, I hail thy sa - cred day, In love to mor - tals given; I'll read thy word, I'll
 2. The world in gau - dy glo-ries dressed, Would lure my heart a - way; How much I need the

CHORUS.



praise and pray, And think of God and heaven. O morn - ing bright, O glo - rious day When
 day of rest To win it back to thee. O morn - ing bright, O glo - rious day, etc.



Je - sus o'er the tomb Tri - umph - ant rose, and drove a - way Its ter - rors and its gloom.

3. While some for mirth and noisy sports
 To haunts of sin repair,
 I'll hasten to thy holy courts,
 And join in worship there.—**Чю.**
4. 'Tis there I'll search the Book divine
 That guides my wandering feet;
 More precious than the gems that shine
 In kingly coronet.—**Чю.**
5. Thus help me, Lord, to spend thy day,
 Best day of all the seven;
 And make it as it glides away
 An antepast of heaven.—**Чю**

1. Hark! 'tis the trum-pet of lib - er - ty sound-ing O - ver the moun-tain, o - ver the plain;
 2. Lift up your heads, O ye cap - tives and debt - ors; Bur - ied in dark-ness why will ye lie?

Joy to the bond-man, for free grace a-bound-ing O - pens the pris - on, and breaks the chain.
 Break forth in sing - ing, and cast off your fet - ters, Leap in your glad-ness, from bond - age fly.

CHORUS. *ff* *pp* *ff*

Shout, 'tis the year of ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee; Je - sus has tri-umphed,

3. Come forth and read, in Redemption's great charter,
 How the poor captive freedom may gain;
 Come, though in madness ye ventured to barter
 Wealth of the skies for the bondman's chain.—CHO.

4. Child of oppression, let nothing detain thee,
 Jesus has purchased freedom for thee;
 Sin may distress, but shall never enchain thee;
 Freeman is he whom the Son makes free.—CHO.

man is free, man is free, man is free; Je - sus has triumphed, man is free.

pp *f*

15. Sabbath Morning Hymn.

1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blest;

When, like his own, he bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till life shall end.

MASON.

The Spacious Firmament on High.

1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a
 2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly to the

3. What, tho' in sol-lemn si-lence all Move round this dark ter-res-trial ball; What, tho' no re-al
 shi-ning frame, Their great O-ri-gi-nal proclaim: Th'unwea-ried sun, from day to day, Does
 list'-ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And
 voice nor sound A-mid the ra-diant orbs be found; In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And
 his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play, And pub-lish-es to eve-ry land The work of an Al-might-y hand.
 all the plan-ets in their turn, Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

ut-ter forth a glorious voice; For-ev-er sing-ing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di-vine."

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly Fa - ther! O Christ, as - cend - ed high! O pure, ce - les - tial

Spir - it, E - ter - nal Trin - i - ty! We, with the count - less ser - aphs, We,


with thy saints in light, Bow down in ad - o - ra - tion, And praise thee day and night.

2. One life pervades thy ransomed
 Within the golden gate,
 And those who still are pilgrims
 And for their glory wait.
 The shouts of triumph yonder,
 The plaintive songs of earth,
 Flow from the Spirit's presence;
 Both own a heavenly birth.



3. The precious blood of Jesus
 Is now within the veil—
 Yonder thy saints behold it;
 We, too, by it prevail.
 Upon each shining forehead
 I read the Saviour's name;
 While we, now pressing forward,
 Bear on our brows the same.

4. Then teach us, Lord, to worship
 With loving hearts to-day,
 And while we sing thy praises,
 And learn in faith to pray,
 Help us to feel our union
 With all who know thy name,
 And glory in Jehovah,
 Unchangeably the same.

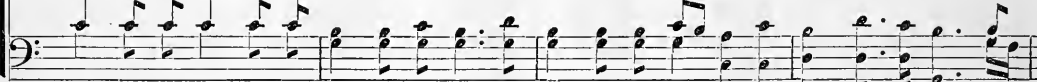

The Captain, the Pilot, and Guide.



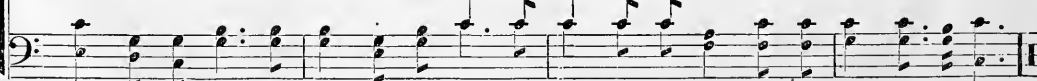
1. Oh, who'll be a sol-dier and bat-tle with sin, With foe-men with-out and with foe-men with in, And
 2. Oh, who'll be a sail-or on life's stormy main, And brave the dark tem-pest and fierce hur-ri-cane? Their

sheath not the sword, al-tho' wea-ry the arm, Till wav-ing in glo-ry the con-queror's palm? The
 moor-ings they loose, and their anchor they weigh: Who'll board the stout vessel, ship Zi-on, to-day? The

foe is in sight; Who'll join in the fight? With Christ for our Cap-tain we'll put him to flight.
 port is in view, The fair bree-zes woo; With Christ for our Pi-lot, who'll join the glad crew?



3. Oh, who'll be a pilgrim, with scrip and with staff,
And heed not the world with its sneer and its laugh,
But tread the rough path without fear or complaint,
And daily press onward, though weary and faint?

Our home is at hand;

Who'll join then our band,

With Christ for our Guide, to the beautiful land?

4. A soldier, a sailor, a pilgrim who'll be?
Come, youth, with affections so warm and so free,
We're marching, we're sailing, we're pilgrims to-day;
Then turn from the world and its follies away:

In Jesus confide,

Whatever betide,

And he'll be our Captain, and Pilot, and Guide.

19. Peace, Peace I Leave with You.



1. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you; Trust to my care. Thus the Re-

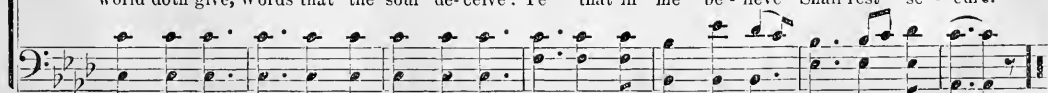
2. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Per - fect and pure; Not as the



3. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Tho' foes in - vade. All power is

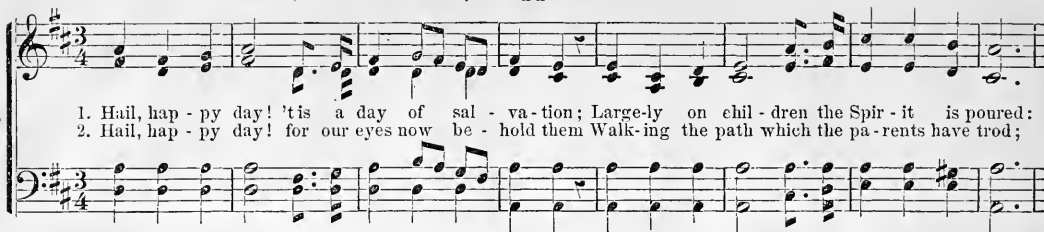


deem - er said, And bowed his sa - cred head Low in the gar - den shade, Wrestling in prayer.
world doth give, Words that the soul de - ceive: Ye that in me be - lieve Shall rest se - cure.

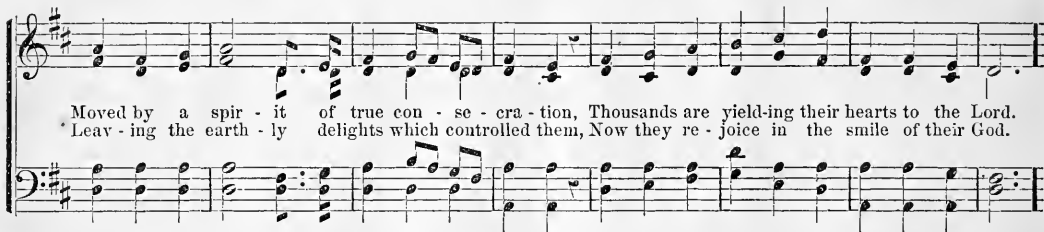


given to me; I will your ref - uge be Now and e - ter - nal - ly; Be not dis - mayed.

Hail, Happy Day!



1. Hail, hap - py day! 'tis a day of sal - va - tion; Large - ly on chil - dren the Spir - it is poured;
2. Hail, hap - py day! for our eyes now be - hold them Walk - ing the path which the pa - rents have trod;



Moved by a spir - it of true con - se - cra - tion, Thousands are yield - ing their hearts to the Lord.
Leav - ing the earth - ly delights which controlled them, Now they re - joice in the smile of their God.

CHORUS.



Come, chil - dren, come, to the Sav - iour sur - ren - der Life's ro - sy dawn and your hearts warm and

3. Hail, happy day! for the church is arising,
Great in her beauty, and strong in her might;
Young hearts and hands for her good are devising;
Fairer and fairer she beams on the sight.—Cho.

4. Hail, happy day! why should Zion be fearful?
God from above all her wants will supply;
Lean on his word with a faith strong and cheerful;
Zion shall live though her leaders may die.—Cho.

ten - der; Come ere the world with its bur - dens shall hin - der, Come, children, come while there's room.

21. Bells are Ringing.

DUETT.

1. Chil - dren, hark! the bells are ring - ing; Join the prayer and
join the sing - ing; Don't de - lay; Come a - way to the Sab - bath-school.

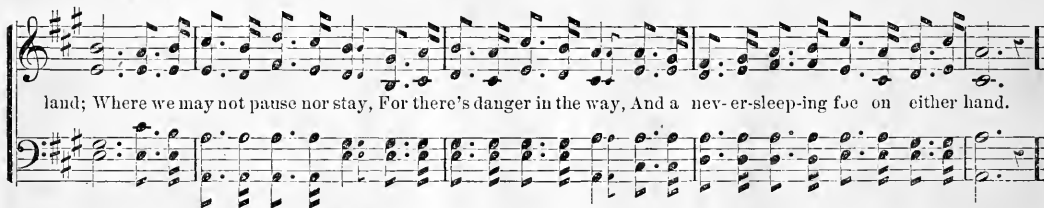
CHORUS.

Come, come, come away; Come, come, come away; Bells are ringing, come away To the Sabbath-school.
Bells are ringing, come a-way; Bells are ringing, come a-way; Bells are ringing, come a-way To the Sabbath-school.

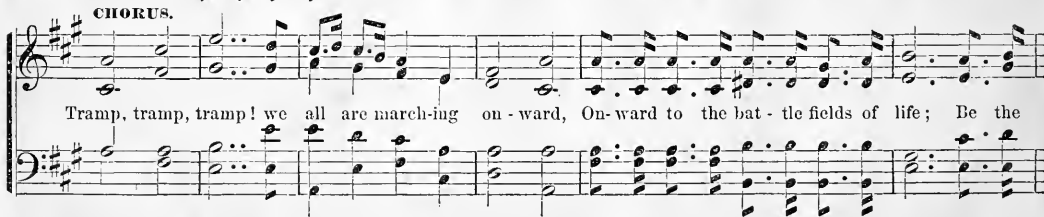
2. Come with cheerful hearts and faces;
Seek your classes, take your places;
Mirth forbear, God is there,
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.
3. 'Tis the place where Jesus meets you,
And in loving accents greets you;
Children all, Heed his call
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.
4. Streams of free salvation flowing,
Life and purity bestowing,
Here are found, And abound,
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.



1. We are soldiers, one and all, Marching at our Captain's call, Thro' the pass-es of a strange and for-eign



land; Where we may not pause nor stay, For there's danger in the way, And a nev-er-sleep-ing foe on either hand.



Tramp, tramp, tramp! we all are march-ing on-ward, On-ward to the bat-tle fields of life; Be the

2. We are following the road
All the saints and martyrs trod:
They have conquered, and their warfare now is o'er.
They have laid their armor down,
And put on the heavenly crown,
And they sing the song of angels evermore.—CHO.

3. Then press onward to the fight,
And strike boldly for the right,
And valiantly do battle with the wrong!
And around the starry banner
We will shout the glad hosanna,
As with brave and cheerful hearts we march along.—CHO.



Lord of hosts our Leader, and in him be all our trust, And we all shall be vic-to-rious in the strife.

23. Glory to the Father Give.



1. { Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give—God in whom we move and live. } { O Fa - ther al- }
 { Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Chil-dren's songs de - light his ear. } { All glo - ry and



migh - ty, to thee be ad-dressed, With Christ and the Spir - it, one God ev - er blessed, }
 wor - ship, from earth and from heaven, As was, and is now, and shall ev - er be given. }

2. Glory to the Son we bring—
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb for sinners slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
 Be this day a Pentecost ;
 All our minds may he inspire,
 Touch our tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the truth that " God is love."

Sing, Children, Sing!

A. A. GRALEY.

1. Sing, chil-dren, sing, when the cross you bear; Sing - ing will make it feel light - er.
 2. Why should the heirs to a throne be sad; Why filled with care for the mor - row?

Sing, children, sing, though the des - ert is drear; Sing - ing will make it seem bright - er.
 Sun - shine or storm, ev - er sing and be glad, Though in a re - gion of sor - row.

CHORUS.

Sing, chil - dren, sing, as you press to the skies; Lift up your hearts and your voi - ces.

3. Pilgrims have sung till the gloomy grave
 Seemed but the gateway of glory;
 Heroes have sung as they walked with the brave
 Paths that were thorny and gory.—**Cho.**

4. March then to Canaan with cheerful song,
 Cast off the mantle of sadness;
 Nearer you draw to the glorified throng
 Safe in the region of gladness.—**Cho.**

Sing, chil - dren, sing, as you fight for the prize; Sing till the des - ert re - joi - ces.

25. Rest in Jesus.

1. Oh, dry the fall - ing tear, Child of sin and sor - row; There is a ref - uge near For the sore op - pressed.

What - e'er thy bur - den be, Seek the lov - ing Sav - iour: He waits to com - fort thee; He will give thee rest.

He is a Friend indeed—
 Friend above all others;
 Help in the hour of need
 Gladly he affords.
 No more in darkness pine;
 Learn of him, O mourner:
 Wisdom and love combine
 In his gracious words.

3. Art thou by sin defiled?
 Weepst thou in bondage
 Long hast thou vainly toiled
 For thy liberty?
 Weep then and toil no more,
 Go at once to Jesus;
 He opes the prison door,
 Sets the captive free.

4. Then dry the tear of grief,
 Child of sin and sorrow;
 There is a sure relief
 For the sore oppressed:
 Jesus has bled and died
 'Neath the heavy burden—
 Trust in him crucified;
 He will give thee rest.

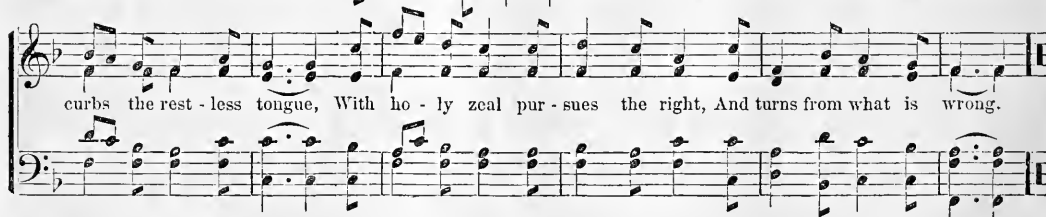
Early Piety.



1. How hap - py is the child who walks The path - way of the wise; Who hates what care - less



sin - ners love, And loves what they de - spise. He watch - es well the way - ward heart, And



curbs the rest - less tongue, With ho - ly zeal pur - sues the right, And turns from what is wrong.

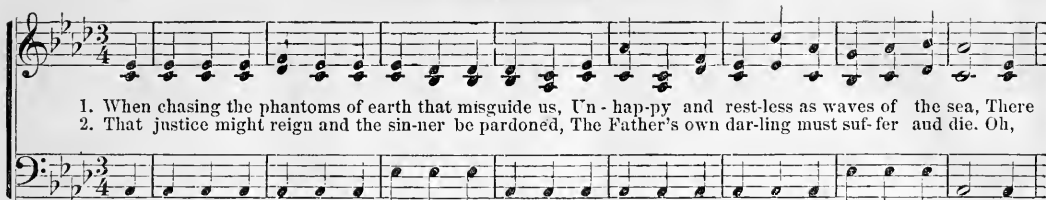
2. He holds communion with his God
As friend communes with friend;
He loves the place where saints resort,
And there his footsteps tend:
So young in years, full well he knows
He's young in knowledge too;
Hence to the Sabbath-school he goes,
That knowledge to pursue.

3. What though he daily self denies,
And daily bears a cross,
There's pleasure in each pain he feels,
And gain in every loss:
His young affections fondly twine
Around the better part;
The light of heaven is on his brow,
Its joy within his heart.

4. He sees no merit in his deeds,
He counts them all but dross;
He clings to Jesus as his all,
And glories in his cross;
With sacred peace and holy love
His youthful bosom glows;
And in the garden of the Lord
No fairer floweret grows.

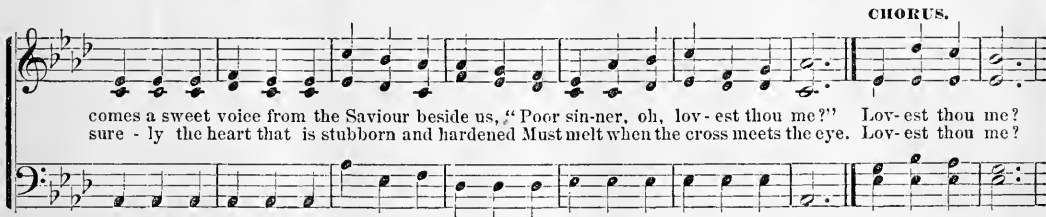
Lovest thou Me?

27



1. When chasing the phantoms of earth that misguide us, Un - hap - py and rest-less as waves of the sea, There
 2. That justice might reign and the sin-ner be pardoned, The Father's own dar-ling must suf-fer and die. Oh,

CHORUS.



comes a sweet voice from the Saviour beside us, "Poor sin-ner, oh, lov - est thou me?" Lov - est thou me?
 sure - ly the heart that is stubborn and hardened Must melt when the cross meets the eye. Lov - est thou me?



Lovest thou me? I am thy Saviour and Friend. Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me? I am thy Saviour and Friend.

3. Oh, his was a love that was boundless and tender;
 Though tried in the furnace, it suffered no loss;
 It led him his glory to veil, and surrender
 The crown and the throne for the cross.—CHO.

4. My Saviour, I yield every tender emotion;
 The soul thou hast ransomed imbue with thy love,
 Till wrapt in the flame of undying devotion,
 It soars to thy presence above.—CHO.

There's Room for the Children.

1. There's room for the chil-dren in the Sav-iour's fold, For he is the Friend of the child; He
 2. There's room for the chil-dren in the pas-tures fair; The herb-age is ten-der and sweet; And

seeks them when stray-ing on the moun-tains cold, By fol-ly and pleas-ure be-guiled.
 streams gen-tly flow-ing shall re-fresh them there, And rest in the sha-dy re-treat.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes—gen-tle Shepherd!—he gath-ers them in, gath-ers them in, gath-ers them in; Oh,

3. There's room for the children in the Saviour's heart,
 When wounded they sigh for repose;
 There, safe from the tempest and the rankling dart,
 They smile at their fears and their foes.—CHO.

4. There's room for the children in the fold above;
 For now, in the pasture below,
 Their young hearts are melted by a Saviour's love,
 And wiser and purer they grow.—CHO.

yes, gen - tle Shepherd! he gath - ers them in Be - fore they are cap - tives to Sa - tan and sin.

29. The Child's Prayer.

1. Ear - ly saved from sin and wrath, Ear - ly gath - ered in thy fold, Ear - ly found in wisdom's path,

Ear - ly by thy truth controlled; Ear - ly led to fol - low thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, let me be.

2. Ere the warm affections twine
Round the earthly and the vain,
Ere the evil days are mine,
Fraught with sorrow and with pain,
Early by thy power divine
Make me, Lord, a child of thine.

3. Early planted by thy hand,
In thy vineyard may I stand,
Nurtured by the showers of grace
And the sunshine of thy face,
Growing 'neath thy watch and care,
Precious clusters may I bear.

4. Then, tho' heart and flesh should fail,
And the youthful cheek grow pale,
Sweet would be my early tomb,
Void of terror and of gloom;
There, no more to sin and weep,
Many youthful pilgrims sleep.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, ye youth-ful souls; Time is fly-ing, Ye are dy-ing; Freely the stream of sal-
 2. Bright is the world to the youth-ful eye; Sunny pleasures Shining treasures Charm the young heart as they're

CHORUS.
 va - tion rolls; Drink and be hap - py to - day. Wait no long - er, Sin grows stronger
 pass - ing by; But they are false as they're fair. Wait no long - er, Sin grows stronger, etc.

While you still de - lay: Drink of the life - giv-ing wa-ters so free; Drink and be hap - py to - day.

3. Oh, there are joys for the Christian heart,
 Pure and glowing, Ever flowing;
 Such as no pleasures of earth impart,
 Rays from the sunlight above.—CHO.

4. Though there's a cross for the saint to bear,
 Never fear it, Bravely bear it;
 Think of the crown that the saint shall wear
 When in the kingdom above.—CHO.

Knocking at the Door.

1. Youth - ful sin - ner, thoughtless walk - ing On this sin - pol - lu - ted shore, Lis - ten to the

ur - gent knocking, Knocking at the door. Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking,

Knocking at the door; Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking, Knocking at the door.

2. Why at sin will you be mocking,
When 't was sin the Saviour tore?
See, with bleeding hand he's knocking,
Knocking at the door!—**Cho.**

3

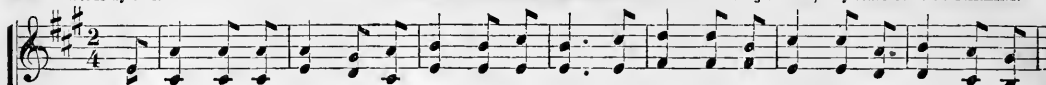
3. Now the stubborn heart unlocking,
Ne'er refuse your Saviour more;
Bid him cease the weary knocking,
Knocking at the door.—**Cho.**

4. Join the ransomed ones now flocking
Happy to the shining shore;
Those who listened to the knocking,
Knocking at the door.—**Cho.**

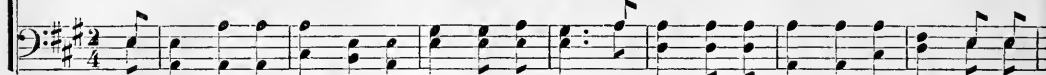
33

Shall I be There?

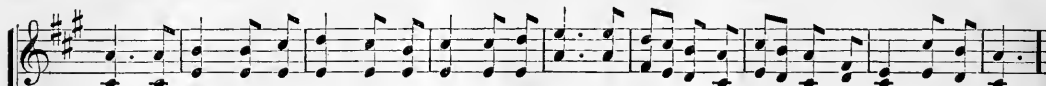
"Song Annual," by leave of T. E. PERKINS.



1. When saints gath er round thee, dear Sav - iour, a - bove, And hast - en to crown thee with jew - els of
2. When teach - ers and schol - ars each oth - er shall greet, And join in the an - them at Je - sus' dear



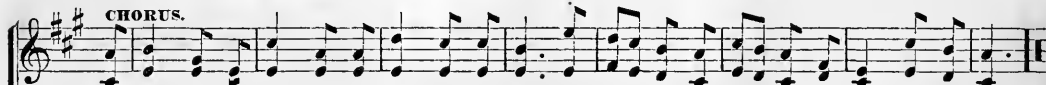
3. When those who have la - bored and strug - gled to save Their loved ones from sor - row be - yond the dark



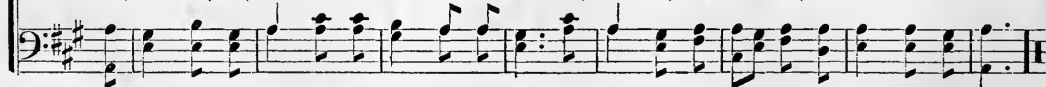
- love, A - mid those bright mansions of glo - ry so fair, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!
feet, Rich to - kens of mer - cy for ev - er to share, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!



- grave, Are bring - ing the treasures they gathered with care, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!



- Oh, tell me, oh, tell me if I shall be there! Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!



4. When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more;
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!—CHO.

5. O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place:
I'm stained and polluted; but shall I despair?
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!—CHO.

1. { My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; }
 { I hear his kind voice; I'll re - ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain. } In

I'll yield to the voice of his mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Sav-iour come in. (*Omit to Cho.*)

CHORUS.
 in-finite mercy he came from above, To ransom, to cleanse me from sin: Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin;
 D. C. "I'll yield to the voice," etc.

Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in! En-ter the door, waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend,
 The Life and the Truth and the Way,
 On thy precious merit alone I depend;
 Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart—
 'Tis open in welcome to thee;
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;
 Come in, with thy mercy, to me.—CHORUS.

Haste to the Mountain.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Haste to the moun-tain, lin-ger no more; Lo, the a-ven-ger press-es thee sore.
 2. Yield not to slum-ber, o-ver thy path; Mut-ters a-tem-pest hea-vy with wrath;

Hark! how his foot-steps strike on the ear! Haste to the moun-tain ref-uge is near!
 Night is ap-proach-ing, dan-gers in-crease: Dream not of safe-ty, sing not of peace.

CHORUS.

Haste to the moun-tain, sin-ner, to-day, En-ter the ref-uge now while you may;

3. Cast thy fond idols out of thy heart,
 Say to the tempters round thee, "Depart!"
 Friendship may woo thee, pleasure beguile,
 Fly from the charmer, heed not her smile.—CHO.

4. Refuge of sinners, Saviour divine,
 Gather the children, for they are thine—
 Thine by creation, thine by thy cross;
 Hide them, oh, hide them, save them from loss.—CHO.

Haste to the moun-tain, sm-ner de-filed, En-ter the ref-uge, though but a child.

35. The Favorable Hour.

1. Youthful wand'rer, come away, Leave the tho'tless and the gay; Jesus calls, no more delay, Nor risk eternal loss.

Ere the day of grace shall end, Ere the Judge his throne ascend, On his righteousness depend, And glory in his cross.

2. Now, while in your youthful bloom,
While the Spirit whispers, "Come!"
While the gospel cries, "There's
room
For all who enter in;"
Ere the Master shuts the door,

And in love invites no more,
Seize at once the favored hour,
Nor perish in thy sin.

3. Days of grace are gliding fast,
Soon the harvest will be past,

Mercy's tender call at last
Will cease to greet the ear;
Then, when death shall hurl the dart,
And from earthly joys you part,
Who shall calm your troubled heart,
Or save you from despair?

Why will you Die?

Not too fast.

1. Poor cap - tive to sin, and by Sa - tan controlled, Look up to the cross, where in
2. Oh, hark to the groans of the lov - ing and good; Oh, gaze on the wounds and the

an-guish un - told, The dy - ing Re-deem-er of man you be-hold. O sin-ner, he suf-fers for thee!
fast-flowing blood, See sorrow and wrath o'er him roll like a flood! O sin-ner, he suf-fers for thee!

CHORUS.

Why will you die, oh, why will you die, When Je - sus has died on the tree? Oh

3. The angels are veiled in their snowy attire,
All hushed are their songs, and all silent their lyres;
But 'tis not for them that the Saviour expires;
No, sinner, he suffers for thee.—CHO.

4. Oh, why should your lot be eternally cast
With those who shall hopelessly mourn at the last,
The summer is ended, the harvest is past,
When Jesus has suffered for thee?—CHO.

fly to his cross, on his mer - it re - ly; Poor sin - ner, he suf - fers for thee.

37. A Saviour for Me.

H. K.

1. I have read of the Sav - iour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must be; But
did he come down from a - - bove, Out of love and com - pas - sion for me?

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2. I have heard how he suffered and bled,
How he languish'd and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That he languish'd and suffered for me? | 3. I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of God soon will see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me? | 4. Lord, deign on my cold heart to shine,
For to whom shall I go but to thee?
And say, by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me. |
|---|---|--|

The Good Tidings.

1. Have you heard the good ti - dings, dear chil - dren? And have they sunk deep in your hearts? The
 2. For the guilt - y he pa - tient - ly suf - fered, And sunk 'neath the load of their sin; He

3. There are thou - sands now dwell - ing in dark - ness, While light shines a - round you so clear; In
 ti - dings of Je - sus the Sav - iour, And what his sal - va - tion im - parts? Oh,
 o - pened the gate - way to glo - ry, That all, if they would, might come in. Then

wretch - ed - ness thou - sands are pi - ning, While ac - cents of mer - cy you hear. Then
 yes, you have heard the good ti - dings, Like mu - sic they seemed to the ear; But
 say, can you hear the good ti - dings, And dai - ly grow care - less and bold? Oh,
 wel - come with joy the good ti - dings, And give them a place in your heart; Oh,

The Good Tidings.—CONCLUDED.

39

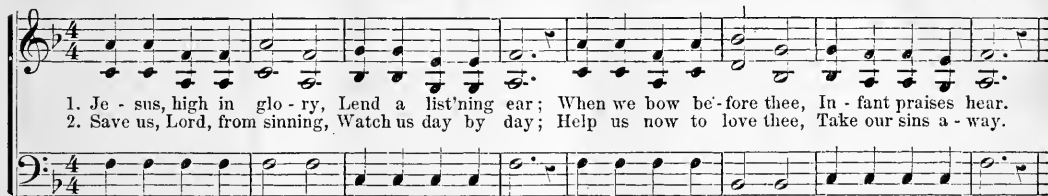


say, are you fol - low - ing Je - sus? And does he all love - ly ap - pear?
 turn from the path - way of fol - ly, And join the dear lambs of his fold.

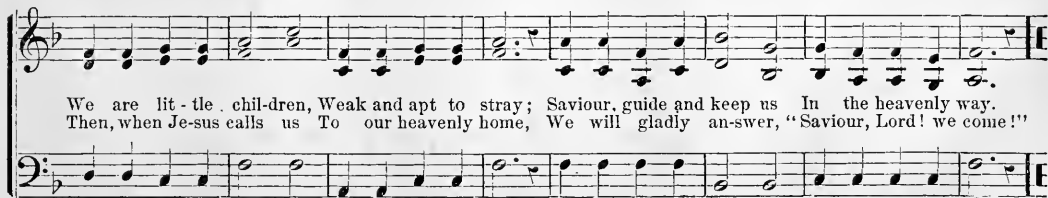
en - ter the fold of the Shep - herd, And nev - er, no, nev - er de - part.

39. Jesus, High in Glory. For an Infant Class.

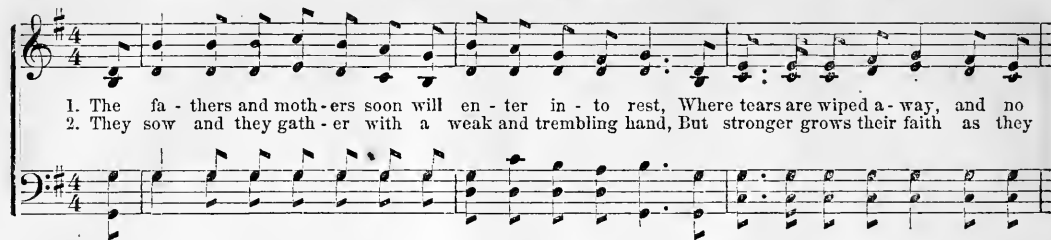
H. KINGSBURY.



1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear; When we bow be - fore thee, In - fant praises hear.
 2. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.



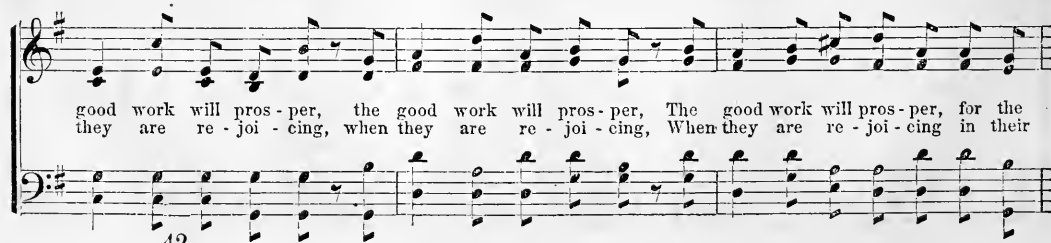
We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.
 Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heavenly home, We will gladly an - swer, "Saviour, Lord! we come!"



1. The fa - thers and moth - ers soon will en - ter in - to rest, Where tears are wiped a - way, and no
 2. They sow and they gath - er with a weak and trembling hand, But stronger grows their faith as they



sigh shall heave the breast; But when they are sing - ing with the pure and glo - ri - fied, The
 near the bless - ed land: Shall ours be the meas - ure of their warm and pa - tient love When



good work will pros - per, the good work will pros - per, The good work will pros - per, for the
 they are re - joi - cing, when they are re - joi - cing, When they are re - joi - cing in their

"Instead of thy Fathers shall be thy Children."—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour will pro - vide. Oh, yes, we are com - ing, we are com - ing in our youth; We will
hap - py home a - bove. Oh, yes, we are com - ing, we are com - ing in our youth, etc.

try to fill their pla - ces as we bat - tle for the truth; And stone af - ter stone in the

tem - ple of the Lord We will lay, when in glo - ry they are reap - ing their re - ward.

3. They love not the earthly, and they thirst not for renown, 4. Dear fathers and mothers, when your toils and tears are o'er,
They keep the eye of faith on the never-fading crown; And Jesus calls you home to the ever-verdant shore,
They stand up for Jesus, and they love and pray for all: When won is life's battle, and you lay down sword and shield,
Will Zion still prosper when the noble pillars fall?—Cuo. We'll gird on the armor that you leave upon the field.—Cuo.

The Pilgrim Band.



1. Oh, tell me, ye stran-gers, I pray, When beau-ty and youth are your own, Why
 2. When scenes of temp-ta-tion al-lure, When thorns strew the path-way you tread, What



3. But how can you pa-tient-ly bear The cross, with its bur-den and scorn? Why



turn from the world-ly and gay, And press to a coun-try un-known!
 helps you to meek-ly en-dure, And joy-ful-ly lift up the head?



taste not the joys that would cheer Your bright and your beau-ti-ful morn?

CHORUS.



We're a youth-ful pil-grim band, Bound to Ca-naan's hap-py land, Where the saints in



4. Ye pilgrims, with you I'll forsake
 The sin that defiles and destroys;
 My staff in my hand I will take,
 And share in your songs and your joys.—CHORUS.

5. Though tempted and wounded and tried,
 Our fears to the winds will we fling;
 With Jesus for Guardian and Guide,
 We'll lift up our voices and sing.—CHORUS.

glo - ry stand, And their King be - hold; Where they strike the tune - ful string,

Where in lof - ty strains they sing, Where at Je - sus' feet they fling Crowns of shi - ning gold.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system contains the lyrics 'glo - ry stand, And their King be - hold; Where they strike the tune - ful string,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'Where in lof - ty strains they sing, Where at Je - sus' feet they fling Crowns of shi - ning gold.'.

42. The Name of Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.

The musical score is for a single system with a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are '1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.'.

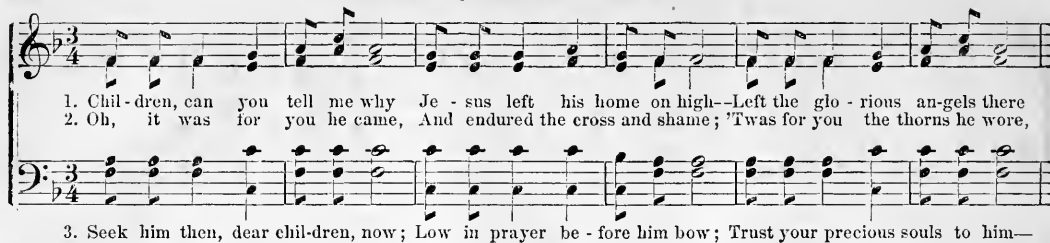
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

3. Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

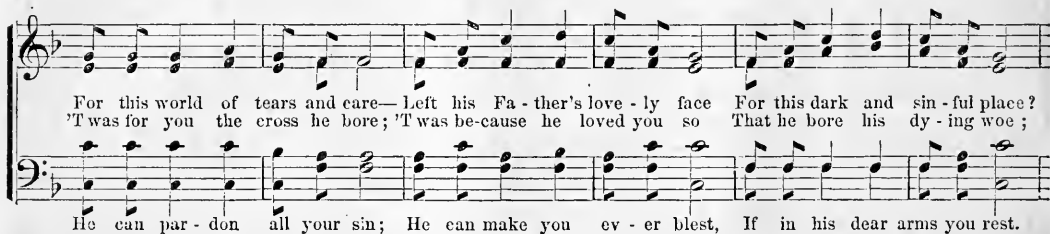
4. In heav'n, with all the blood-bo'tt throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

Why Jesus Came.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

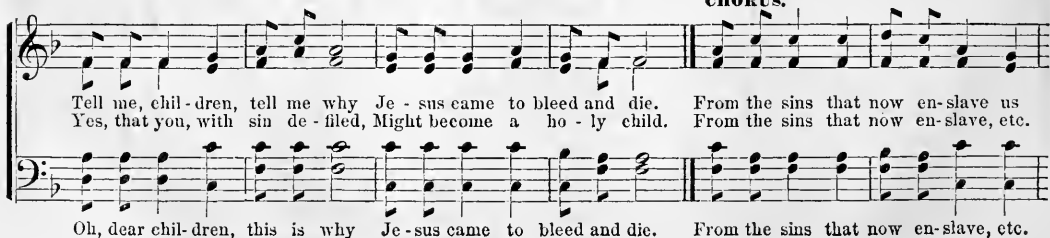


1. Chil-dren, can you tell me why Je-sus left his home on high--Left the glo-rious an-gels there
2. Oh, it was for you he came, And endured the cross and shame; 'Twas for you the thorns he wore,
3. Seek him then, dear chil-dren, now; Low in prayer be-fore him bow; Trust your precious souls to him—



For this world of tears and care—Left his Fa-ther's love-ly face For this dark and sin-ful place?
'Twas for you the cross he bore; 'Twas be-cause he loved you so That he bore his dy-ing woe;
He can par-don all your sin; He can make you ev-er blest, If in his dear arms you rest.

CHORUS.



Tell me, chil-dren, tell me why Je-sus came to bleed and die. From the sins that now en-slave us
Yes, that you, with sin de-filed, Might become a ho-ly child. From the sins that now en-slave, etc.
Oh, dear chil-dren, this is why Je-sus came to bleed and die. From the sins that now en-slave, etc.

Je - sus gave his life to save us, For he loves us, that is why Je - sus came to bleed and die.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

44. A Child's Prayer.

H. K.

1. When thou wert on earth, dear Je - sus, Lit - tle chil - dren came to thee; Now, al - though on high thou

This musical score is for the first verse of 'A Child's Prayer' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

reign - est, And thy face I can - not see, Hear me when I pray to thee, Suf - fer me to come to thee.

This musical score is for the second verse of 'A Child's Prayer' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. It consists of a single system with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2. Little children did not fear thee,
Gentle was thy fond embrace;
And I too would live so near thee
As to feel thy power and grace.
Loving Jesus, look on me,
Suffer me to come to thee!

3. Thou hast given me every mercy,
May my heart be truly thine;
While on earth, oh let me serve thee,
Let thy blessing still be mine!
When I die, then stoop to me,
Bid my spirit come to thee!

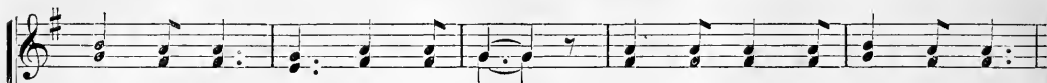
Come unto Me.



1. Je - sus, I, a lit - tle child, With my heart by sin de - filed, Hear thee say in
 2. Je - sus, o'er my lit - tle head Thy kind hands are gen - tly spread, As the words are



3. Je - sus, on thy lov - ing breast Now I lay my head to rest, With thy glo - rious



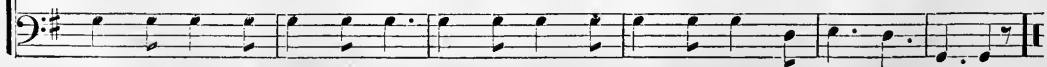
ac - cents mild, "Come un - to me!" Oh, how sweet to me thy voice!
 sweet - ly said, "Come un - to me!" Thy rich bless - ing I re - ceive,



words im - pressed, "Come un - to me!" I am thine, for ev - er thine!



With a full heart I re - joice, As I make the bless - ed choice, And come to thee.
 On thee on - ly I be - lieve, Heart and all to thee I give; Yes, all to thee!



Oh, I love to call thee mine, While I hap - py here re - cline, And trust in thee!

Soll.

1. "Oh, tell us of that world of light A - bove the star - ry heav - en; Shall such a bright and

hap - py home To lit - tle ones be giv - en?" "Oh yes, for lit - tle ones like us Je -

sus is ev - er car - ing; And for the souls who fol - low him A man - sion is pre - par - ing.

2. "Oh, tell us of those fields of green,
Those flowers that never wither—
That day so long, so wondrous bright,
That day which lasts for ever."
"Those fields the holy angels roam,
All free from sin and sorrow,
Through that eternal, happy day
That never knows a morrow."

3. "Oh, tell us of the robes of white,
The harps, the crowns of glory;
Tell us of Jesus and his love,
That sweet, that wondrous story."
"To us those robes, those harps of praise,
And crowns, may yet be given:
'Twill take an everlasting day
To tell of Christ and heaven."

LETIS THORNE.

1. If I would be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, To sing the Sav - iour's

prais - es In yon - der hap - py land, I must o - bey the pre - cepts Which

he has clear - ly given, To guide my wand'ring foot - steps Un - to the path of heaven.

2. He says that I must love him
With mind and heart and soul,
That every thought and action
Must yield to his control;
That if I humbly ask him,
He'll pardon every sin,
And by his grace will help me
Eternal life to win.

3. He says he knows my trials,
And my temptations too,
That every secret sorrow
Is open to his view;
And promises to keep me
In every trying hour
Of sorrow, sin, or danger,
If I but trust his power.

4. And when this life is over,
He'll take me as his own,
To stand among the angels
Before his Father's throne;
Then I shall be an angel,
And glad hosannas sing
To Jesus Christ my Saviour,
And heaven's eternal King.

I would not be an Angel.

48, 49

48. 1. I WANT to join the ransomed,
And with the ransomed stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
I want to join their chorus,
My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song of victory
To my Redeemer's praise.

2. Angels look on and wonder;
They cannot join that song,
But list in silent rapture
While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory;
Oh, let me see thy face,
Like those who now before thee
Repeat thy wondrous grace!

3. I would not be an angel;
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ the Crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At his right hand he'll place me
In our eternal home.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

49. The Bethlehem Babe.

H. K.

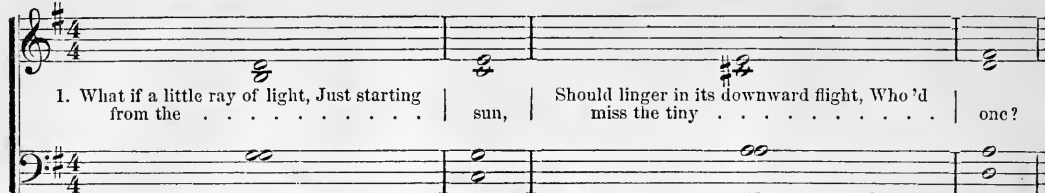
1. Sweet, sweet, sweet the swell, The swell of Sab - bath bell; But sweet - er still the
2. Cold, cold, cold the night; The night was star - ry bright, When shep - herds heard the

notes of praise, The notes of praise our voi - ces raise, When Je - sus' love we're tell - ing.
an - gel note, The an - gel note from heaven a - float, That told to earth the sto - ry.

3. Low, low, low the bed,
The bed on which His head
Among the beasts was pillowed there—
Was pillowed there 'mid want and care,
When God became incarnate!

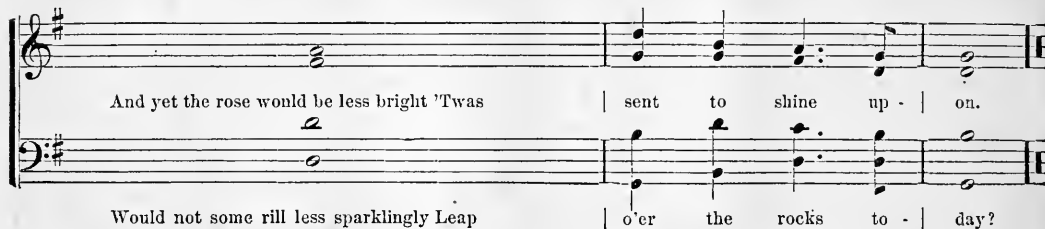
4. Love, love, love unknown!
Unknown, to leave a throne,
A fallen race from death to save,
From death to save, and in the grave
To lay his head so kingly.

5. Loud, loud, loud we'll raise,
We'll raise our notes of praise!
The Beth'lem babe in manger laid,
In manger laid, to death betrayed,
We'll sing, we'll sing for ever.



1. What if a little ray of light, Just starting from the sun, | Should linger in its downward flight, Who'd miss the tiny one?

2. What if the raindrop in the sky, In quiet case should say, | I'll not be missed on earth, so I Contented here will stay!



And yet the rose would be less bright 'Twas | sent to shine up - | on.
Would not some rill less sparkingly Leap | o'er the rocks to - | day?

3. What if the acorn in the ground
Refused its shell to | burst, |
Where would the stately ship be found?
Or if the humble | dust |
Did not the living germ surround,
What | could the sailor | trust?

4. I am a child; it will not do
An idle life to | lead, |
Because I'm small, with talents few;
Of me the Lord has | need— |
Some work or calling to pursue,
Or | do some humble | deed.

5. I must be active every hour,
And do my Maker's | will: |
If but a ray can paint the flower,
A raindrop swell the | rill, |
I know in me there is a power
Some | useful place to | fill.

51. 1. A LITTLE word in kindness | said, |
A motion or a | tear, |
Has often healed the heart that's sad,
And | made a friend sin- | cere.

2. A word, a look has crushed to | earth |
Full many a budding | flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would | bless life's darkest | hour.

3. Then deem it not an idle | thing |
A pleasant word to | speak ; |
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A | heart may heal or | break.

52. Lambs within the Fold.

1. And is it true, as I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of God's be-lov-ed Son? That
2. And I, a lit-tle straying lamb, May come to Je-sus as I am, Tho' goodness I have none; May

Je-sus Christ, with ten-der care, Will in his arms most gen-tly bear The help-less lit-tle one?
now be fold-ed in his breast, As birds with-in the pa-rent nest, And be his lit-tle one.

3. And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

4. Others there are who love me too.
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him, and say,
"Lord, keep thy little one."

5. Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his
Who loves the little one.

I'd rather be a Child of God.

1. I'd ra - ther be a child of God, Se - cure in Je - sus' peace - ful fold, Than sway a seep - tre,
 2. But lit - tle gold may he pos - sess, Few earth - ly joys his spir - it thrill, The cup of grief his

CHORUS.

wear a crown, Or own the rich - est mine of gold. A crown is his, a throne is His, A
 lips may press, But he's an heir of glo - ry still. A crown is his, a throne is His, etc.

king - dom on the shining shore; Yes, Je - sus, Lord of all, is his, And he is Christ's for ev - er - more.

3. A thousand snares may strew his path,
 And cruel foes around appal,
 Earth's vanities may try his faith,
 But he shall triumph over all.—CHORUS.

4. And when he comes to glory's gate—
 The tomb which Jesus sanctified,
 Bright angel forms shall on him wait,
 And through the portal safely guide.—CHORUS.

Jesus, be near Me.

1. { Je - sus, be near me, Read - y to hear me, Com - fort and cheer me; In thee I live. }
 { Of - ten, I grieve thee; Yet do not leave me, Kind - ly re - ceive me, Free - ly for - give. }

CHORUS.

Pil - grim and stran - ger, Save me from dan - ger, Guide me and guard me, Shep - herd, I pray.

Pil - grim and stran - ger, Save me from dan - ger, Guide me and guard me, Shep - herd, I pray.

2. Tempters assail me;
 If thou should'st fail me,
 What could avail me,
 Who could uphold?
 But thou hast sought me,
 Found me, and bought me,
 And thou hast brought me
 Unto thy fold.—CHORUS.

3. Purest of pleasure,
 Richest of treasure,
 Peace without measure,
 Find I in thee.
 These I inherit
 By thy good Spirit:
 I have no merit;
 Thou art my plea.—CHORUS.

4. Into subjection
 Bring each affection,
 And thy protection
 Never withhold:
 Do not forsake me,
 Like thyself make me;
 Then, Saviour, take me
 Up to thy fold.—CHORUS.

The Stranger.

1. A stranger here I roam, For this world is not my home, Tho' the goodness of my Father smiles a-round; My

home is up a - bove, In the world of perfect love, Where in snowy robes they walk the hallowed ground.

CHORUS.

Je - sus at-tends me, Ev - er befriends me; His arm defends me When my heart is sick and sore: Then

2. The shining band on high,
Though they've laid their armor by,
Once contended for the never-fading crown;
They knew what 't was to fear,
And to shed the bitter tear,
Ere they left the field of battle for the throne.—Cho.

3. I'll struggle on awhile
Through the night of tears and toil:
Soon the sorrow and the darkness will take wing,
And with the ransomed choir
I will strike the golden lyre,
While my happy home with melody shall ring.—Cho.

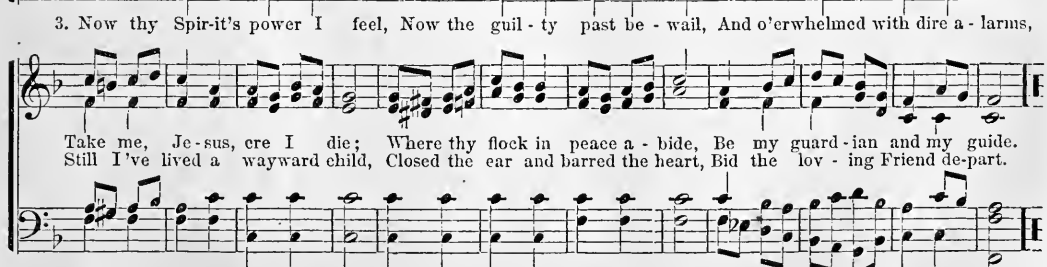


cheer-ful-ly I'll press Thro' the drear-y wil-der-ness, Till I walk with him the ev-er-ver-dant shore.

56. The Return.



1. From the mountains drear and cold, Ten-der Shepherd, to thy fold, Poor and help-less, lo! I fly;
2. Oft I've heard thy ten-der call, Seen my fol-ly, felt my thrall; But by pleasure's voice be-guiled,



3. Now thy Spir-it's power I feel, Now the guilt-y past be-wail, And o'erwhelmed with dire a-larms,
Take me, Je-sus, ere I die; Where thy flock in peace a-bide, Be my guard-ian and my guide.
Still I've lived a wayward child, Closed the ear and barred the heart, Bid the lov-ing Friend de-part.

Now I turn from pleasure's charms, And by wondrous love con-trolled, Seek thy face and seek thy fold.

1. Oh, hap-py day, when grace di-vine My sin-ful heart re-newed, And washed its guilty stains a-way In
 2. The tu-mult in my soul is gone, And peace sits reigning there; There's glory all around, within, There's

Je-sus' pre-cious blood, And washed its guilt-y stains a-way In Je-sus' pre-cious blood.
 glo-ry ev-ery-where, There's glo-ry all a-round, with-in, There's glo-ry ev-ery-where.

CHORUS.

Oh, grace, wondrous grace! Children, sing with me The wondrous grace which Jesus bought With blood on Calva-ry.

3. I upward look; an angry God
 No longer meets my eye;
 I hide me 'neath the bleeding cross,
 And "Abba, Father!" cry.—Chor.

4. When sinful pleasure lures my soul,
 I gaze upon the cross;
 The gaudy pageant fades away—
 'T is vanity and dross.—Chor.

5. I struggle with my foes and fears
 With a triumphant faith,
 And grace will crown my dying hour
 With victory over death.—Chor.

Sweet Canaan of Rest.

58

1. Ere its full blessed-ness dawns on my sight, Ev - er will I, ev - er will I Press to the land of un-
 2. Trust in the pleasures of earth, if you will, Nev - er will I, nev - er will I; Mine be the joys which the

CHORUS.
 fa - ding de-light, Sing, and press on till I die. Sweet Ca-naan of rest, Thou land of the blest, Thou
 spir - it can fill, Joys which no mor-tal can buy. Sweet Ca-naan of rest, Thou land of the blest, etc.

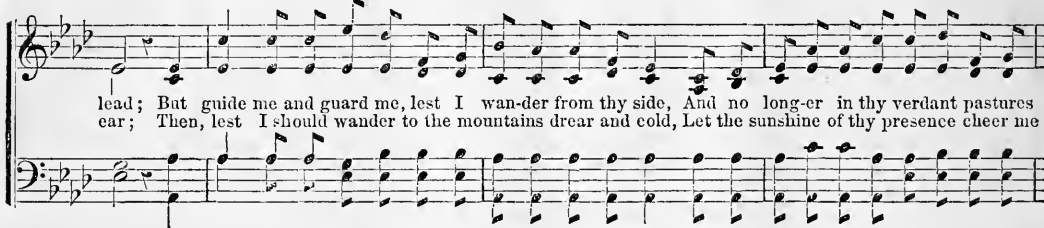
home of the happy and free; While I press on to thy full-ness of bliss, What is the earthly to me?

3. Though for the treasures of earth you may pine,
 Never will I, never will I;
 Mine be the riches of Jesus divine—
 Gold that no mine can supply.—CHORUS.

4. Though you may thirst for an earthly renown,
 Never will I, never will I;
 Mine be the birth to a throne and a crown,
 A kingdom and glory on high.—CHORUS.



1. Dear Je - sus, my Shepherd, I would in thy fold a - bide, And would fol - low wher - so - e'er thy foot - steps
2. The tempt - er is near me, and would lure me from thy fold, And the sy - ren song of pleasure strikes my



lead; But guide me and guard me, lest I wan - der from thy side, And no long - er in thy verdant pastures
ear; Then, lest I should wander to the mountains drear and cold, Let the sunshine of thy presence cheer me

CHORUS.



feed. Shep - herd kind and tend - er, be my strong de - fend - er
here. Shep - herd kind and tend - er, be my strong de - fend - er, etc.

3. I know thou wast tempted when a man of sorrows here,
But no evil could the tempter find in thee;
But often in secret flows the penitential tear,
And I struggle with the sin that dwells in me.—CHO.
4. I love thee, yet grieve thee; oh, forgive a sinful child
Who would praise thee in thy blessed fold above:
The tempter is mighty, and I'm helpless and defiled,
But all-mighty is thy everlasting love.—CHO.

In the hour of con-flict, and when storms of sor-row beat; Then in the green pastures where the
 peace - ful wa - ters flow, I will bow me down and wor - ship at thy feet.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

60. Loving Him who first Loved Me.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to obey; Sweeter les-son can-not be, Loving Him who first loved me.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2. With a childlike heart of love,
 At thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

3. Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace;
 Learning how to love from thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4. Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till thy face I see,
 Of His love who first loved me.

We are Coming!

A. A. G.

1. Oh, hark to the call as it comes from the vineyard, And o - ver the deep from the dark pagan land: "Come
2. How long shall the na - tions re - main in their darkness, And guilty and wretched go down to their graves? Oh,

o - ver and help us" in sow - ing and reaping; Oh, come, for there's work for the heart and the hand.
gaze on the ru - in till zeal shall a-rouse you To send them the word which en - light - ens and saves.

Response by the Children.

We are coming, coming, com-ing in our child - hood, We are com-ing, for we hear the ur - gent

3. And though the glad tidings of mercy have reached us,
Around us are captives to Satan and sin;
For wide is the field where the harvest is waving,
And few are the reapers who gather it in.—CHORUS.

4. Then kindle your hearts with a holy ambition
To build up the empire of mercy and truth;
Let faith, love, and zeal, and a pure self-devotion,
Adorn with their clusters the life of our youth.—CHO.

call; We are coming, coming, coming in our childhood, We are coming, for there's work enough for all.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

62. The Way to Glory.

1. Is the way to glory dark? Do not fear, do not fear; Press toward the shining mark, Endless day draws near.
2. Are there a-ny turning back? Do not stay, do not stay; Still pur-sue the shining track, Heed not what they say;

The musical score is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Is it full of dire alarms, And the world's bewitching charms? Je-sus ev-ery foe disarms, Mighty tho' they be.
Lis-ten not when they al-lure, Struggle on and still endure, God will make his promise sure, He will faithful be.

The musical score continues from the previous block, maintaining the same 2/4 time and key signature. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

3. Do the storms of sorrow come?
Do not mourn, do not mourn;
When you reach the heavenly home
Tears to joy shall turn.

4. There no tears of sorrow flow,
There no bitter tempests blow;
Not a note of pain or woe
Mingles in the song.

The Mansions of Glory.

A. A. G.

1. I will walk in the road Which the ransomed have trod, I'll not wait till my head shall be hoar-y;
 2. No true peace did I find In the path left be-hind, And I saw that the end would be sor-row;

While I'm young I will go In the way which I know Is the way to the man-sions of glo-ry.
 Though I sang and was gay, Yet the joys of to-day Fled a-way ere the dawn of the mor-row.

CHORUS.

Then go with me, and our song shall be, We're bound to the man-sions of glo-ry; Then

3. Now my Saviour I love,
 And his faithfulness prove,
 When by darkness and danger surrounded;
 For he heeds my complaint,
 He revives me when faint,
 And restores me when fallen and wounded.—Cho.

4. I will carry the cross,
 And endure every loss,
 For the burden by bearing grows lighter;
 And when daily I press
 To the mansions of bliss,
 Then my pathway grows brighter and brighter.—Cho.

go with me, and our song shall be, We're bound to the man - sions of glo - ry.

64. Friend of the Child.

1. I have a Friend in my home above, Strong is his arm and his heart is love; Safely I dwell 'neath his watchful eye,

CHORUS.

He will defend me when danger's nigh. Friend of the child, Loving and mild, Jesus my Saviour's the Friend of the child.

2. Often I wander from this dear Friend, 3. When in this valley of tears and woe 4. Fearless the Jordan of death I'll cross,
Often I grieve him, and oft offend; Streams of enjoyment no longer flow, Tho' its rough billows may foam and toss;
But when the teardrops of sorrow fall, Sore by the hand of affliction pressed, Round me the arm of my Friend shall be.
Fully and freely he pardons all.—CHO. Tranquil I lean on his tender breast. Bearing me over the stormy sea.—CHO.

The Friend Near and Dear.

I. They tell us the path-way to heav - en is hard for the feet of a child; But

CHORUS.
tho' it be rough and un-e-ven, We'll walk it, tho' oft-en re - viled; For a near Friend, a dear Friend, Is

with us to com-fort and cheer; For a near Friend, a dear Friend, Is with us to com-fort and cheer.

2. They tell us the desert is dreary,
And foes lie in ambush to wound;
But still we'll press onward, tho' weary,
And trials and dangers abound.—CHO.

3. They tell us that earth will afford us
The joys that our spirits demand;
But ours be the joys that reward us
While seeking that heavenly land.

4. They tell us a stream is before us
Whose waters are rapid and cold;
But when its rough billows roll o'er us,
The Saviour our steps will uphold.

I'll not Forget to Pray.

66

1. If I should walk a flow-ery path, And bright should be my day, With grate-ful heart I'll

'twine the wreath, But not for-get to pray: For there's a land di-vine-ly fair, Whose

flowers shall ne'er de-cay; I'll fix my warm af-fec-tions there, And ne'er for-get to pray.

2. If tears of grief should dim the eye,
And joys no longer stay,
If foes should wound, if friends should fly,
I'll not forget to pray.
A steadfast Friend shall ease the smart,
And wipe my tears away;
I'll lean upon his loving heart,
And ne'er forget to pray.

3. Come joy or sorrow, sickness, health,
A bright or cloudy day,
Come painful want or teeming wealth,
I'll not forget to pray.
Thus through my few but chequered days
Before the throne I'll stay,
And only in the land of praise
Will I forget to pray.

I'll Wander no More.

1. I'll wan - der no more, but re - turn to the fold Of Je - sus my Shep-herd so ten - der; The
 2. How long did I stray on the moun-tains so drear, By dan - ger and dark-ness sur-round-ed; I

heart that has long been un - grate - ful and cold, To Je - sus my Lord I sur - ren - der.
 sought by my fol - ly to raise and to cheer A spir - it de - ject - ed and wound-ed.

CHORUS.

Wan - der no more, I will wan - der no more; Sin has de - ceived and un - done me:

3. Oh, fruitless endeavor! the joys of to-day
 Are turned into ashes to-morrow;
 And those who allured me turned coldly away,
 And left me to weep in my sorrow.—CHORUS.

4. But now in the pastures of Jesus I feed,
 And drink of the life-giving river;
 No storm shall appal me, no tempter invade,
 For Christ is my Shepherd for ever.—CHORUS.

Wan - der no more, I will wan - der no more; Je - sus has sought me and won me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

68. Stockwell.

D. E. JONES.

1. Je - sus on - - ly! when the morn - - ing Beams up - on the path I tread;
Je - sus on - ly! when the dark - ness Gath - ers round my weary head.

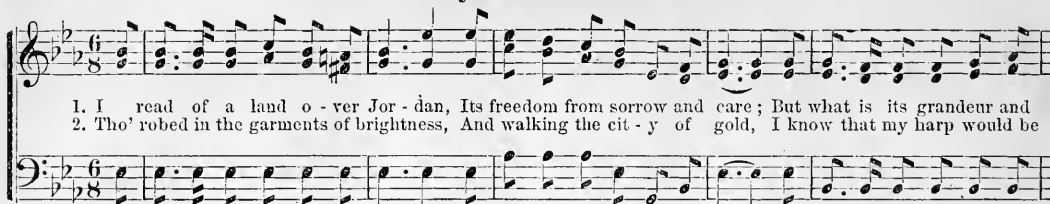
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support through chords.

2. Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.


3. Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appal;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4. Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only! I will joyous
Through eternal ages sing.

Jesus my Saviour is There.



1. I read of a land o - ver Jor - dan, Its freedom from sorrow and care; But what is its grandeur and
2. Tho' robed in the garments of brightness, And walking the cit - y of gold, I know that my harp would be



glo - ry, And why do I long to be there? But what is its grandeur and glo - ry, And
tune - less, If Je - sus I ne'er should be - hold; I know that my harp would be tune - less If

CHORUS.



why do I long to be there? Oh Je - sus my Sav-iour is there, The light of that beau-ti - ful
Je - sus I ne'er should be - hold. Oh Je - sus my Sav-iour is there, The light of that beau-tiful, etc.

3. I love him, but often he leaves me
While here on this wilderness shore;
But when to his fold he receives me,
His absence I'll never deplore.—CHORUS.

4. No longer by faith shall I view him,
Unveiled all his glories will shine;
I'll fall at his feet and adore him,
My Jesus, my Saviour divine.—CHORUS.

land, The chief of ten thou-sand, the King in his beau-ty, Enthroned at the Father's right hand.

70. Savannah.

PLEVEL.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest! What heaven-ly peace and trans-port fill my

breast When Christ, the God of grace, in love de-scends, And kind - ly holds commu-nion with his friends.

2. Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3. Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

On to the Fight!

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Come join the con - flict of right and wrong; Fall in the ranks ere we march a - long,
2. Yield - ing no long - er to Sa - tan's thrall, Gath - er the youth at the trum - pet call;

3. Hail, hap - py day, for our eyes be - hold Glo - ries un - seen by the saints of old.
Come with the ar - dor of bloom - ing youth, Build up the em - pire of love and truth,
Nev - er a - gain shall they mad - ly tramp Un - der the flag of the reb - el camp.

Chil - dren by thou - sands to Je - sus go, March to the con - flict and brave the foe.

CHORUS.
On to the fight, stand for the right, Strong in the Lord and the power of his might;

4. "Stand by the cross!" is their battle cry;
Legions of darkness before them fly;
Soon shall the triumph of right be sung,
When the great Captain leads on the young.—Спо.

5. Brighter and purer the world shall be,
Jesus shall reign over land and sea;
Gather, then, youth, for the holy fray;
Fall in the ranks, for we march to-day.—Спо.

On to the fight, stand for the right, Strong in the Lord and the power of his might.

72. Reapers, Reapers, Haste!

H. K.

1. Reapers, reapers, haste, Your Master's voice is calling; Reapers, reapers, haste, The golden grain is fall-ing.
2. Fields al-read-y white, Re-joicing now with gladness, Shine with summer light: Oh, reapers, banish sadness.

CHORUS.

Work, work while it is light, And wait not for the morrow; Work, work before the night Bring sin and shame and sorrow.

3. Haste! no more delay
The weakest grain to cherish;
Hear your Master say
He wills not one should perish.

4. Bought with Jesus' blood,
The weakest is a treasure
Made by God for good,
For glory without measure.

5. Up, then! let us reap,
Tho' darkest clouds may lower;
Faint not, He will keep
Us safe 'mid storm and shower.

"I am the Light of the World." John 8:12.

Arranged by
J. T. DURYEA, D. D.

1. O Je - sus, light of all be - low. Thou Fount of life and fire, Sur - pass - ing all the
2. May ev - ery heart con - fess thy name, And ev - er thee a - dore; And seek - ing thee, it -

joys we know, All that we can de - sire; When once thou vis - it - est the heart, Then
self in - flame, To seek thee more and more. There may our tongues for ev - er bless, There

truth be - gins to shine, Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.
may we love a - lone, And ev - er in our lives express The im - age of thine own.

1. When shall the shout a - rise, Har-vest home! har-vest home! When shall the work have ceased,
 2. Would you in tri-umph sing, Har-vest home! har-vest home! Thrust then the sic - kle bright

When shall the wea - ry rest, When shall we reach the skies, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!
 In - - to the fields so white, And then we soon shall be Shout - ing, Har - vest home!

CHORUS.
 Har - vest home! har - vest home! Glad - ly the reapers come, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!

Har-vest home!
 3. 'T will be a joyous song,
 Harvest home! harvest home!
 Join then the reaping train,
 Bind up the golden grain,
 Come with your sheaves along,
 Shouting, Harvest home!

Har-vest home!
 4. Ere long we all shall sing,
 Harvest home! harvest home!
 They who with tears have sown,
 With joy shall hasten home,
 And make the meadows ring,
 Shouting, Harvest home!

5. Then shall the shout arise,
 Harvest home! harvest home!
 Then shall the work have ceased,
 Then shall the weary rest;
 Oh, we shall mount the skies,
 Shouting, Harvest home!

Sound the Battle Cry!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh! Raise the stand - ard high For the Lord;
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause, we know, Must pre - vail;

3. Oh, thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us, one and all, By thy grace:

Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - ery one: Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
 Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam - ing in the light, Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail.

When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore thy face.

CHORUS.

Rouse, then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y! pass the word a - long.

Sound the Battle Cry!—CONCLUDED.

76

On - ward! for - ward! shout a - loud, Ho - san - nah! Christ is Cap - tain of the migh - ty throng.

76. March On!

H. K.

1. March on! march on! nor ev - er tire To bat - tle for the right,
2. March on! march on! right man - ful - ly; The church now looks to thee,

Young sol - diers of the ho - ly cross, Be - neath its sa - cred light.
Young 'list - ed sol - dier of the cross, Her fu - ture strength to be.

3. March on! march on! against the world, 4. March on! march on! and bear to all 5. March on! march on! your Captain's
The flesh, and every sin, Good news from God above; Through him be vict'ry won. [near,
The lion roaring for his prey, Fling out your banner to the breeze— March on! until you each shall hear
The secret foe within. Upon it, "God is love!" His welcome words, "Well done!"

Christ's Soldiers.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. We're sol-diers, and we're marching on To our Im-man-uel's land; With mu-sic we will pass a-
 2. We've foes to fight, we've fields to win, We've crowns of life to gain; Then strike and con-quer ev-ery

long, A hap-py, faith-ful band. "Glo-ry!" we sing to Christ our King, While
 sin, The vic-to-ry at-tain. "Glo-ry!" we sing to Christ our King, etc.,

we his tem-ples throng; Let "Glo-ry in the high-est!" be Our ev-er-last-ing song.

3. We'll take the helmet, sword and shield; 4. Salvation shall our helmet be,
 Begirt with truth and love, Our breastplate, love and faith;
 We'll fight, nor ever quit the field Clad in this glorious panoply,
 Till called to rest above.—CHO. We'll all fight on till death.—CHO.
5. Then, when the vict'ry we attain,
 We'll lay our laurels down
 Before the Lamb that once was slain
 To win for us a crown.—CHO.

1. Courage, fel - low-pil-grim, Tho' the path be rough; Je - sus is the Lead - er; Is not that e - nough?

Tho' the way be thorn - y, Des - o - late and drear, Je - sus will up - hold thee, He is ev - er near.

CHORUS.

"The Lord thy God is with thee Whereso-e'er thou goest;" The Lord thy God is with thee for ev - er - more.

2. Courage, fellow-trav'ler
Over life's rough sea,
Jesus in the vessel
Pilot true will be.

He will bid the billows
Sink into a calm;
He will in the haven
Shelter thee from harm.—**Чю.**

3. Courage, fellow-Christian !
Though the furnace glow
Seven-fold in fury,
Christ is with thee now.

He himself is walking
With thee in the flame;
E'en the smell of scorching
Shall not touch thy frame.—**Чю.**

4. Courage, fellow-Christian !
Whatsoe'er thy lot,
God the Lord has promised
To forsake thee not;

Sooner shall the heavens
Pass in smoke away,
Than the soul shall perish
Who makes God his stay.—**Чю.**

1. { All night long, till break of day, Já - cob wept his bit - ter prayer, }
 { Till the An - gel on his way, Christ the Angel blessed him there. } I am a poor sin - ner,

too, Torn with anguish, guilt and fears; I to Je - sus too, will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2. I it was who pierced thy side,
 I who drove the cruel nail;
 I who caused the purple tide,
 Groans and tears and dying wail.
 Lord, I will not let thee go;
 Saviour, listen to my grief;
 Jesus, I'm a child of woe:
 Come, oh come to my relief.

3. Jesus, at thy cross I lie
 All night long till break of day;
 Perish here, if I must die—
 Unforgiven go not away.
 Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?
 It is all I have to give.
 Sin-defiled in every part,
 Such a gift wilt thou receive?

4. Oh how kindly Jesus spake:
 "Go in peace—all is forgiven;
 Wilt thou all for me forsake,
 Love, and follow me to heaven?"
 Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
 And with wondering love adore;
 Let me never love thee less,
 Let me love thee more and more.

80. What can I Give to Jesus?

H. K.

1. What can I give to Jesus, Who "gave himself for me?" How can I show my love to him Who died on Cal - va - ry?

2. I'll give my heart to Jesus,
In childhood's tender spring;
I know that he will not despise
So mean an offering.

3. I'll give my soul to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon his loving breast.

4. I'll give my mind to Jesus,
And seek, in thoughtful hours,
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.

5. I'll give my strength to Jesus
Of foot and head and will;
Run where he sends, and ever strive
His pleasure to fulfil.

6. I'll give my time to Jesus:
Oh that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for him
Who spent his life for me.

7. I'll give my all to Jesus: .
'Tis little I possess;
But all I am, and all I have,
Dear Lord, accept and bless.

81. Wake, Brethren, Wake!

H. K.

1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are children of the light, Yours is the glory bright; Wake, brethren, wake!

2. Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all.
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor doth afford,
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

3. Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye his heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

4. Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise!

Young Pilgrims' Song.

1. We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing To a land where all is light, Where are flow - ing, flow - ing,

flow - ing Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright: Here we learn Re - demp - tion's sto - ry, Here we

seek our Saviour's grace; There we shall be - hold his glo - ry, Wor - ship - ping be - fore his face.

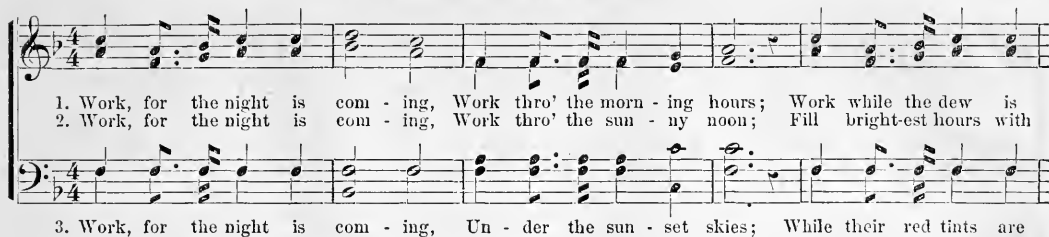
2. We are singing, singing, singing,
As we joyful pass along;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing
Of our glad, triumphant song:
Happiness our hearts is swelling
As we ever upward tend,
And we cannot cease from telling
Of our precious heavenly Friend.

3. We are praying, praying, praying
For the sinners all around,
Who are straying, straying, straying
In a misery profound:
We are longing to behold them
Tread with us the heavenly road;
In our arms we would enfold them
As we journey home to God.

4. Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pass we on with prayer and song,
Hasten to the meeting, meeting
Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng.
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove,
Till at home with thee for ever
In the land of light and love.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

83



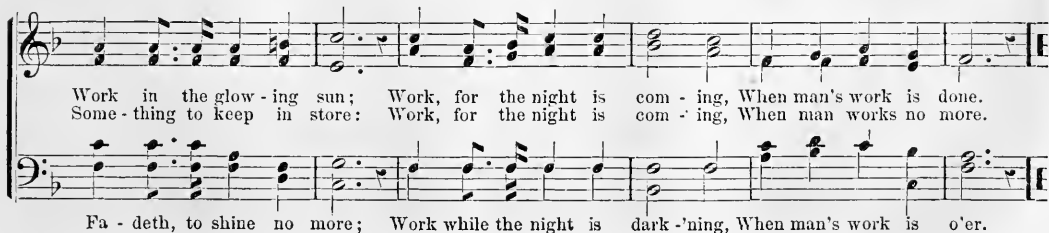
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with

3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their red tints are



spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute,

glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fa - deth,



Work in the glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Some - thing to keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

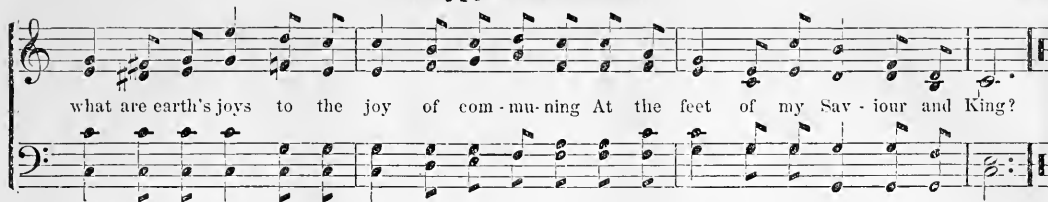
Fa - deth, to shine no more; Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

1. Oh, there is an hour, when with ten - der e - mo - tion, I com - mune with my Sav - iour in prayer, And
low at his feet yield the heart's pure de - vo - tion; And 'tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet to 'be there.

CHORUS.

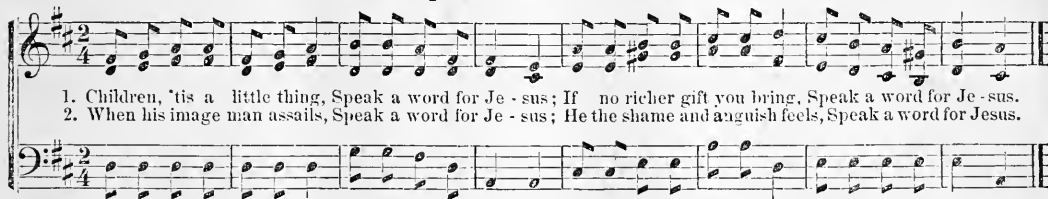
Hap - py, hap - py hour, Hap - py, hap - py hour, When the wea - ry soul spreads her wing: Oh,

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. When grief wounds the heart, and when tears of contrition
 Freely flow, to the throne I repair;
And balm from the hand of the tender Physician
 Is applied when I seek it by prayer.—CHORUS.</p> <p>3. At times, when the pathway of duty looks dreary,
And I shrink from the cross I would bear,
I cry to the Friend who refreshes the weary,
And am strengthened in answer to prayer.—CHORUS.</p> | <p>4. When foes gather round, and in hatred assail me,
 And I seem on the brink of despair,
I seek for a weapon which never shall fail me,
 And I find that the weapon is prayer.—CHORUS.</p> <p>5. When thrilling with joy, or when moaning in anguish,
I will still to my Saviour repair;
And when in the hour of departure I languish,
I will spend my last moments in prayer.—CHORUS.</p> |
|---|---|



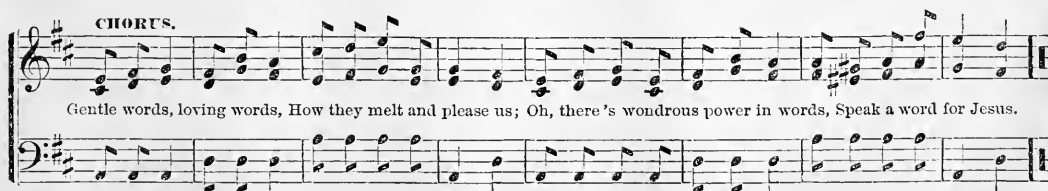
what are earth's joys to the joy of com-mu-nion At the feet of my Sav-iour and King?

85. Speak a Word for Jesus.



1. Children, 'tis a little thing, Speak a word for Je-sus; If no richer gift you bring, Speak a word for Je-sus.
2. When his image man assails, Speak a word for Je-sus; He the shame and anguish feels, Speak a word for Jesus.

CHORUS.



Gentle words, loving words, How they melt and please us; Oh, there's wondrous power in words, Speak a word for Jesus.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 3. When you hear his name profaned,
Speak a word for Jesus;
By his wondrous love constrained,
Speak a word for Jesus.—CHO. | 4. If his cause should bleeding lie,
Speak a word for Jesus;
Do not silent pass it by,
Speak a word for Jesus.—CHO. | 5. Oh, then, never be ashamed,
Speak a word for Jesus;
Let your tongue by love inflamed
Speak a word for Jesus.—CHO. |
|---|--|---|

Remember Me.

I. Oh, won-drous sto-ry of the Lord! It thrills our hearts with love, That Je-sus came to

CHORUS.
res-cue man, And left his throne a-bove. Help me, dear Sav-iour, thee to own, And

ev-er faith-ful be; And when thou sit-test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2. In human form he deigned to dwell,
To raise our fallen race,
And shed about a manger rude
The brightness of his grace.—CHO.

3. The angels sang, and men rejoiced
In hope of endless bliss,
And hailed the star of Bethlehem,
The pledge of love and peace.—CHO.

4. It shines to-day to guide us on
Through earthly storms to Him,
The pole-star for the sinner's bark,
Whose light is never dim.—CHO.

1. Her - alds of the migh - ty gos - pel, Sent a - broad in Je - sus' name, Will the hea - then hear the

sto - ry Of the cross that you proclaim? Oh, will they hear it? Oh, will they heed it? Will they

hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain? Will they hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain?

2. Children, yes, the light of morning
In the east begins to break,
And the night of sin and darkness
Its eternal flight shall take.
Soon shall the nations,
Far distant nations,
To the sound of the trump
Of the gospel wake.

3. Heralds, can a band of children
Aid to spread the gospel truth?
Can we speak across the waters
To those poor, benighted youth?
Oh, can we tell them,
Tearfully pleading,
Can we tell of the Way,
Of the Life and Truth?

4. Children, yes, by self-denial,
By your off'rings and your prayers,
Help to lead those souls to heaven,
That at last, united there,
All tribes and nations,
Parents and children,
Round the throne of our God
And the Lamb appear.

1. Hark! the sound of an - gel voi - ces O - ver Bethlehem's star - lit plain; Hark! the heavenly host re -
 joy - ces, Je - sus comes on earth to reign. See ce - les - tial ra - diance beam - ing, Light - ing
 up the mid - night sky; 'Tis the prom - ised day - star gleam - ing, 'Tis the day - spring from on high.

2. Westward, all along the ages,
 Trace its pathway clear and bright;
 Star of hope to Eastern sages,
 Radiant now with gospel light.
 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Peace on earth delight to sing;
 Christian, tell the wondrous story,
 Go proclaim the Saviour King.

3. Where the woodman's axe is ringing,
 Where the hunter roams alone,
 Where the prairie flowers are springing,
 Make the great Redeemer known.
 While from California's mountains
 Pure and sweet the anthem swells,
 Oregon's dark wilds and fountains
 Hail the sound of Sabbath bells.

4. Like an armed host with banners,
 Terrible in war array,
 Zion comes with glad hosannas
 To prepare her Monarch's way.
 Unto him all power is given,
 All the world his sway shall own,
 And on earth, as now in heaven,
 Shall his will be done alone.



1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich-re-wards he of-fers free; Who will an-swer glad-ly, say-ing, “Here am I; send me, send me?”

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. Let none hear you idly saying,
“There is nothing I can do,”
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth,
“Here am I; send me, send me.”

The Good Fight of Faith.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Strong in the Lord and the power of his might, Gird on your ar - mor and on to the fight;
 2. This be your com - fort, and this be your boast, Nev - er a sol - dier of Je - sus - was lost:

Few though you be, you've Je - sus to aid; Wield then with cour - age the bat - tle blade.
 Struck by the foe, and wea - ry his arm, Je - sus is near with his heal - ing balm.

CHORUS.

March, sol - diers, march! hear your Cap - tain call; Strike, sol - diers, strike, and the foe shall fall!

3. Watch, soldier, watch! to your Captain be true,
 Ready to suffer, and ready to do;
 Sheathe not the sword, for foemen abound;
 Think not of rest on the battle-ground.—CHORUS.

4. Sharp is the conflict, but soon 'twill be o'er,
 Soon to a mansion of light you shall soar;
 There shall you reign, and there shall you sing,
 Peaceful at last with your Saviour King.—CHORUS.

Shout, sol-diers, shout! and the rest shall flee, And yours shall be the vic - to - ry!

This musical score is for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

91. The Guardian and Guide.

1. Je - sus, Shepherd, ere the young Min - gle in life's careless throng, Ere their err - ing foot-steps stray,

This musical score is for the first verse of the hymn 'The Guardian and Guide'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Lead them in the nar - row way; Ere the earth - ly wins the heart, Bless them with the bet - ter part.

This musical score is for the second verse of the hymn 'The Guardian and Guide'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

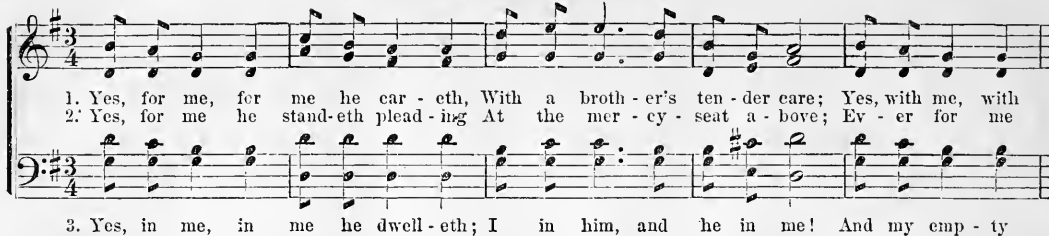
2. Pleasure lures with sunny face,
Woos them to her foul embrace;
Giddy folly, painted vice,
Pass before them and entice,
And the human heart ensnare
By the false disguise they wear.

3. Who can tear the veil away,
And the hidden woe display?
Human love may pray and weep,
But thou, Shepherd of the sheep,
Canst alone dissolve the charm,
And the winning guile disarm.

4. Never sleeps thy watchful eye,
Guide them when the tempter's nigh;
Never tires thy mighty arm,
Guard them from the angry storm;
And when all their days are told,
Bear them to the heavenly fold.

Yes, for Me, for Me he Careth.

HEROLD.



1. Yes, for me, for me he car - eth, With a broth - er's ten - der care; Yes, with me, with
 2. Yes, for me he stand - eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove; Ev - er for me

3. Yes, in me, in me he dwell - eth; I in him, and he in me! And my emp - ty



me he shar - eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth
 in - ter - ce - ding, Con - stant in un - ti - ring love. Yes, in me a - broad he shed - deth Joy, un - earth - ly

soul he fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Thus I wait for his re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the



night and day; Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatch - eth From the per - ils of the way.
 love and light; And to cov - er me he spread - eth His pa - ter - nal wing of might.

way to heaven; Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of even.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long. Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall

ri - pen in - to wrong. Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain. Are we sowing seeds of

CODA. *Slower.*

falsehood? We shall yet reap bit-ter pain. Whatso-e'er our sow-ing be, Reaping, we its fruit must see.

2. We can never be too careful
 What the seed our hands shall sow;
 Love from love is sure to ripen,
 Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter
 Heedlessly along our way;
 But a glad or grievous fruitage
 Waits us at the harvest day.


CODA.

Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
 Reaping, we its fruit must see.



1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and work - ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to serve him wher - ev - er I go;
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus glad hymns of de - vo - tion, Lift - ing the soul on her pin - ions of love;

3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem - er, God of the pil - grims, for thee I will sing;



Point - ing the lost to the way of sal - va - tion, This be my mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low.
Drop - ping a word or a thought by the way - side, Tell - ing of rest in the man - sions a - bove.

When o'er the bil - lows of time I am waft - ed, Still with thy praise shall e - ter - ni - ty ring.



When in the strains of my country I min - gle, When to ex - alt her my voice I would raise,
Mu - sic may soft - en where language would fail us, Feel - ings long bur - ied will oft - en re - store,



Glo - ry to God for the pros - pect be - fore me, Soon shall my spir - it transport - ed as - cend;

This is for his glo - ry whose arm is her ref - uge; Him would I hon - or, his name would I praise.
Tones that were breathed from the lips of de - part - ed, How we re - vere them when they are no more.

Sing - ing for Je - sus—oh bless - ed em - ploy - ment—Loud hal - le - lu - jahs that nev - er will end.

Words by H. BONAR, D. D.

95. Sweet Sabbath-day.

ASAMEL ABBOTT.

1. For thee we long and pray, Oh blessed Sabbath morn, And all the week we say, When wilt thou re - turn?

Come, then, oh, come a-way, Thou day of gladsome rest, Of all the week the best, Sweet Sabbath day.

2. Thou tellest us how Christ
Arose and left the tomb,
And all the week we say,
When will Sabbath come?—Come, etc.

3. Thou tellest us how we,
Like him, shall leave the tomb,
And all the week we say,
When will Sabbath come? etc.

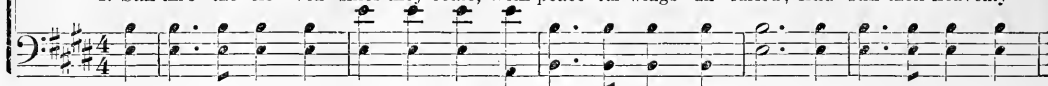
4. Thou tellest of a rest,
A peaceful, happy home,
Where all the saints are blest.
When will Sabbath come? etc.

Angels' Song.

H. K.



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still their heavenly



3. Be - hold, the days are hast -'ning on, By proph - et bards fore - told, When with the ev - er -



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious
 mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world: A - bove its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly



circling years Comes round the age of gold, When Peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an - cient splendors



King;" The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.
 wing, And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing, The blessed an - gels sing.



fling; And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing, Which now the an - gels sing.

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re - joice; The

same was heard in Sa-lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re - treat, My Sav - iour's voice.

CHORUS.

Sweet - er than chiming bells, Soft - er than evening rills, The voice that tells of pardon, peace and heaven.

Sweeter, sweeter than chiming bells, Soft-er, soft-er than evening rills.

2. When weary with my load of guilt,
I'll not forget that "Christ is all;"
For me his precious blood was spilt;
He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt."
How glad the call!—CHORUS.
3. My soul is troubled like the sea,
The surging billows roll around;
But he who calmed far Galilee,
Doth kindly say, "Peace be to thee."
How blest the sound!—CHORUS.
4. I have my dark and cloudy days,
I oft am like a frightened bird;
But Jesus points to heaven, and says,
"I'll fill thy mouth with endless praise."
How sweet the word!—CHORUS.

Sabbath Bells.

T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1. Ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, The cheer - ful Sab - bath bells; Ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, The

cheer - ful Sab - bath bells. We lin - ger a mo - ment their call to hear, Then haste a - way to our

school so dear, O - ver the greenwood joy - ous and free, Sing - ing with glad - ness, Happy are we.

2.:|| Ringing, sweetly ringing,
 Their silver chimes we love;||:
 A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
 A welcome call to the house of prayer,
 Telling of rapture, telling of rest,
 Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.—Чо.

3.:|| Ringing, sweetly ringing,
 Those cheerful Sabbath bells;||:
 Oh, let us be grateful to God above,
 Who crowneth our days with the light of love:
 Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee
 Praise from thy children offered shall be.—Чо.

Sabbath Bells.—CONCLUDED.

99, 100

CHORUS.

While o - ver the dis - tant hill Their mu - sic is float - ing still, Hear the ech - o,
 ech - o, ech - o, sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the ech - o, ech - o, ech - o, sweet Sabbath bells.

mf *f* *mf* *p*

99. Christ Welcomed.

FINE. 1st time. 2d time.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeem - er, Welcome to this heart of mine, { Lord, I make a full sur - rend - er, } D. C.
 { Ev - ery power and tho't be } thine:

D. C. Thine for ev - er, thine for ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges thine.

100. GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears,
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 :|| Oh, refresh us, ||:
 Oh, refresh us with thy grace.

2. Though ten thousand ills beset us,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 But will save from every sin.
 :|| Therefore praise him—||:
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3. Oh that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love.
 :|| Happy songsters, ||:
 When shall I your chorus join?

Give Heed, my Heart.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.

1. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes: Who is it in yon man - ger lies? Who is this child so young and fair? The bless - ed Christ-child li - eth there. Wel-come to earth, thou sa - cred Guest, Thro' whom e'en wicked men are blest. Thou com'st to share our mise - ry; What can we ren - der, Lord, to thee?

2. O Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ox and ass but lately fed?
Were earth a thousand times more fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
Yet she were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

3. Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth for us poor souls and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might,
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.
Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

4. My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song:
"To God be praise in highest heaven,
Who unto men his Son has given;"
While angels sing with pious mirth,
"Good will and peace to all the earth."

1. Si - lent night, hal - lowed night, Calm and deep, si - lent sleep!

Soft - ly glit - ters bright Beth - le - hem's star, Beck - 'ning Is - ra - el's eye from a - far,

Where the Sav - iour is born, Where the Sav - iour is born.

2. Silent night, hallowed night!
 On the plain wake the strain
 Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
 Fraught with tidings of heavenly light,
 Jesus the Saviour has come!
 Jesus the Saviour has come!

3. Silent night, hallowed night!
 Earth awake, silence break!
 High your anthems of melody raise,
 Sing to heaven in cordial praise,
 Peace for ever shall reign!
 Peace for ever shall reign!

Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices?

W. F. SHERWIN, by permission.
From "Songs for Christmas-time."

DUETT.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good will from heav - en. Reach - ing far as man is found;

Lo, th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heaven - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Souls re - deemed and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound!"

QUARTETTE.

Hear them tell the won - drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
Haste, ye mor - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name, and taste his joy,

Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices?—CONCLUDED,

“Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!”
Till in heaven we sing be - fore him, “Glo - ry be to God on high!”

CHORUS. Girls.

“Glo - - ry in the high - est, glo - - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!”

Quartette.

Hear them tell the won - drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

Tutti.

“Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - - ry! Glo - ry be to God, to God on high!”

Christmas Carol.

H. KINGSEY.

SOLO. **TUTTI.**

1. { Wel - come the light of the glad Christ-mas morn! Je - sus is come! Je - sus is come! }
 { Shout, shout the ti - dings, A Sav - iour is born! Je - sus the Sav - iour, Je - sus is come! }

SOLI.

See on the moun-tain the light of the Star; Beth - le-hem's glo - ry is shi - ning a - far;

Dark - ness is pass - ing; the world to re - lease, Je - sus is com - ing, the great Prince of Peace: See Cho.

2. Bring we our jewels and lay at his feet—
 Jesus our King, Jesus our King!
 Mighty and gracious, his praises repeat,
 Jesus our Saviour, Jesus our King.
 Bring we to Jesus the jewels of love,
 Incense of prayers that are wafted above;
 Hoping and trusting, our hearts we will bring,
 Jesus will welcome us, Jesus our King!—CHORUS.

3. Twine we the altar with myrtle and pine,
 Jesus, for thee! Jesus, for thee!
 Brightness and glory and beauty are thine;
 Jesus, we yield them gladly to thee!
 Bright holly berries we twine with the bay;
 Naught is too fair on the glad Christmas Day;
 "Glorious," with laurel, "the place of his feet."
 Sing we of Jesus, his praises repeat. J. O. Y.

CHORUS.

Swell we the song of the an - gels a - gain, Je - sus is come! Je - sus is come!

“Peace on the earth and good will un - to men,” Je - sus the Sav - iour, the Sav - iour is come!

105. God the Father.

1. From that far-off heav-en Where the an-gels bide, God looks down, so lov-ing, On each lit-tle child;

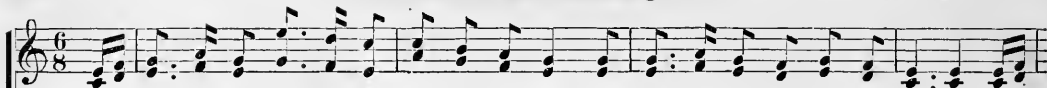
2. Hears his prayer at morning,
Blesses him at night,
Keeps him every moment,
Father-like, in sight;

3 Gives him, open-handed,
Clothing, food, and friends,
And in pain and trouble
Tenderly defends;

4. Says to all dear children
They've a Friend above,
One who ne'er forgetteth
Those who seek his love.

The Bethlehem Song.

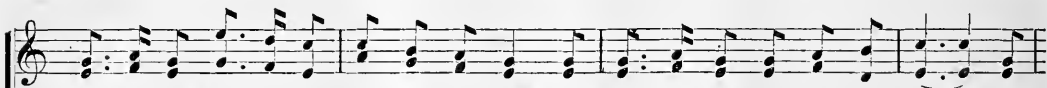
Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



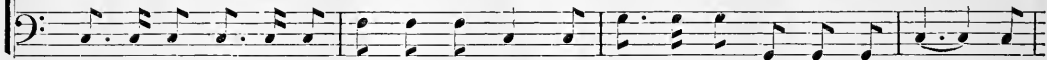
1. How sweet was the song of the an-gels of light, As, bend-ing o'er Beth-le-hem's plain, They
 2. They sang of the break of re-demption's glad morn, The ho-ly had longed to be-hold; They



3. Then "Glo-ry to God in the high-est!" I'll sing, For I am a sin-ner on earth; I'll



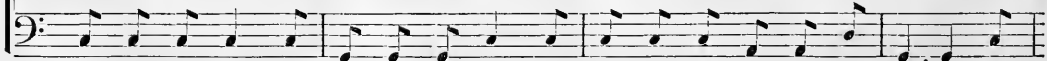
struck their bright harps, and the si-lence of night A-woke at the hea-ven-ly strain; While
 sang of a Sav-iour in Beth-le-hem born, So long by the proph-ets fore-told: They



wel-come the ti-dings of mer-cy that bring The news of Im-man-u-el's birth; I'll



mild-ly a-round shone glo-ry di-vine, And bathed in ef-ful-gence so bright The
 sang of good-will from God un-to men, Of peace to a val-ley of tears; They



go to his cross a sin-ner de-filed, And wash in the foun-tain of blood; I'll

moun - tain, the val - ley, the sea, and the plain Once robed in the man - tle of night.
sang of sal - va - tion from death and from sin, A balm for our sor - rows and fears.

pray for the grace that can strengthen a child, And bring him at last to his God.

107. "Even Me."

W. B. BRADBURY, from "Golden Shower,"
by leave of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—Show'rs the thirsty land refresh - ing—
2. Pass me not, O God my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some drop-lets fall on me— E - ven me, e - ven me; Let some drop-lets fall on me.
Let thy mer - cy light on me— E - ven me, e - ven me; Let thy mer - cy light on me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I would enjoy thy favor;
While thou'rt calling, call thou me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5. Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.

Glory in the Highest!

1. While the si - lent stars are keep - ing Faith - ful watch o'er Beth - le - hem's plains, Hark! a - long the
2. Shepherds, wond'ring, view the glo - ry Light - ing up the mid - night sky, While they list - en

CHORUS.

night breeze sweeping, An - gel harps and heav - en - ly strains: "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est!
to the sto - ry Of that heavenly com - pa - ny: "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest, etc.

Peace on earth, good will from heaven! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est! Glo - ry to our God!"

3. They are singing of a Saviour,
Fondly hoped for, promised long.
Lo! he comes with heavenly favor,
Mingles with the busy throng.—Cho.

4. Comes to preach the great salvation,
Comes to wipe the mourner's tears,
Comes to free each captive nation,
Comes to banish all our fears.—Cho.

5. Let us, then, our off'rings bringing,
Bow before him and adore—
Join the heavenly host in singing
Praise to Jesus evermore.—Cho.

1. Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle child for me, To this world of
 sin - and shame—Came from sin to set me free. He who all the worlds did frame,
 Laid a - side his maj - es - ty; Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle babe for me.

2. Jesus died, Jesus died,
 Died a cruel death for me;
 For my sake was crucified,
 Hanging on the curséd tree;
 Pierced hands and bleeding side,
 Wounded for my sake, I see:
 Jesus died, Jesus died,
 Died upon the cross for me.

3. Jesus rose, Jesus rose,
 Left the gloomy grave for me;
 Gained the victory o'er his foes,
 Conquered the last enemy:
 Fearless I'll in death repose,
 Till his summons sets me free:
 Jesus rose, Jesus rose,
 Rose and left the grave for me.

4. Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
 Ever lives to plead for me—
 All my daily sins forgives,
 Grants me grace his child to be;
 When immortal life he gives,
 I shall rise his face to see:
 Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
 Lives to intercede for me.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing - ing In the night o'er Ju - dah's plain; Mes - sa - ges of

mer - cy bring - ing To a realm of sin and pain. "Glo - ry be to God a - bove you,

Peace to mor - tals here be - low; God the Fa - ther stoops to love you, And his rich - est gift be - stow.

2. Far above the hosts in glory
Lived and reigned th' eternal Son,
Praised in rapturous song and story,
Served as God's beloved One;
But 't was he the Father gave us—
Gave to weep, to bleed, to die,
With his precious blood to save us,
And our hearts to sanctify.

3. To achieve the soul's salvation,
Must the Lord of glory die?
Would no other rich oblation
Truth and justice satisfy?
Could not some less rich oblation
Quench the wrath and stay the blow?
No; to purchase our salvation
Blood divine must freely flow.

4. On a cross of shame and anguish
Must that precious blood be spilt;
There the Son of God must languish,
Bleed and die for human guilt.
Yes, though heaven bows before thee,
Sinners nailed thee to the cross;
Ours the shame, but thine the glory,
Ours the gain, but thine the loss.

Christ's Home, and Ours.

111

1. Thro' the gold - en gate of light, Down a - mong our fal - len race, Je - sus comes! oh,

CHORUS.
glo - rious sight! Full of pit - y, love, and grace. Oh, make thee a home, blessed Je - sus, In a

Ritard.
heart all clean for thee; Then give me a home, blessed Je - sus By thy side, once pierced for me.

2. In that palace high adored,
Here a life of woe he led,
And creation's sovereign Lord
Had not where to lay his head!—CHO.

3. Hands that all the worlds did make,
Hands whose touch made blindness see,
Were for our salvation's sake
Nailed to Calvary's dreadful tree

4. Jesus, in whose glory shine
All the radiant hosts above,
Knocks at your poor heart and mine,
Offering us his priceless love.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and

an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,

Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

1. The day of Res-ur-rection! Earth tell it out abroad! The Paschal day of glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of

CHORUS.

God! Hal-le - - lu-jah! hal-le - - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! A - men. High we raise our hal-le -

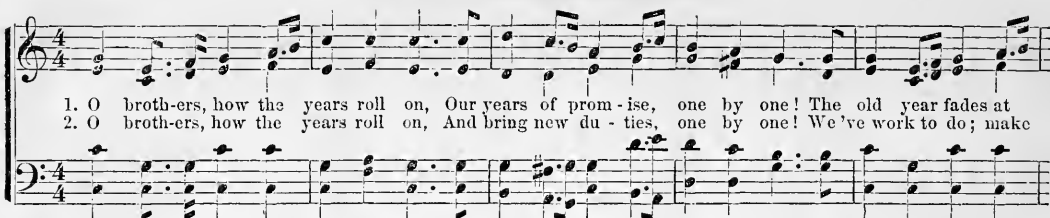
lu - jahs To our Redeemer's name, Who to seek the lost and wand'-ring And to save the sin-ner came.

2. From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.—Cho.

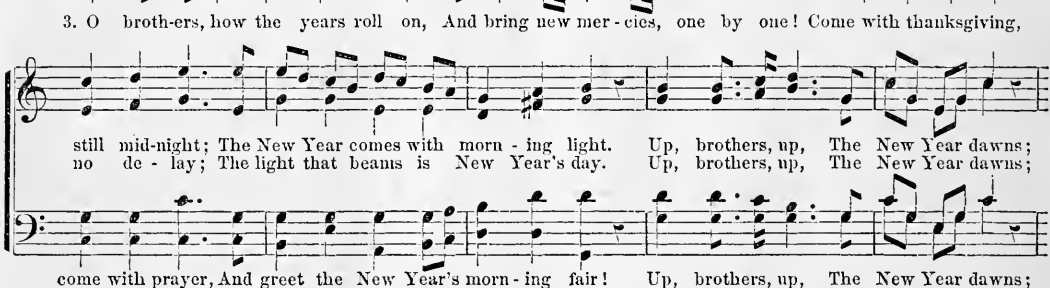
3. Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein.—Cho.

4. In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.—Cho.

New Year's Hymn.



1. O broth-ers, how the years roll on, Our years of prom-ise, one by one! The old year fades at
 2. O broth-ers, how the years roll on, And bring new du-ties, one by one! We've work to do; make



3. O broth-ers, how the years roll on, And bring new mer-cies, one by one! Come with thanksgiving,
 still mid-night; The New Year comes with morn-ing light. Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;
 no de-lay; The light that beams is New Year's day. Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;
 come with prayer, And greet the New Year's morn-ing fair! Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;



Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth to fight—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!
 Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth to work—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!
 Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth in prayer—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!

4. O brothers, how the years roll on!
Thousands to their account have gone!
Our time is short; work while 'tis day;
Oh, work and wait, and watch and pray!

Up, brothers, up,
The New Year dawns;
Up, up, and gird your armor on,
And watch and pray—'t is New Year's morn.

115. Hymn for the New Year.

F. L. WHITE.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sne, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand
2. His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of

still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
hope and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.

3. Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
|| : And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. : ||

4. The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
|| : Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near. : ||

5. Oh that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
|| : I have finished the work thou didst give me to do." : ||

6. Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
|| : Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne. : ||

The Bright Land of Glory.

1. A - cross the deep stream is the bright land of glo - ry, And chil - dren by thou - sands its bless - ed - ness
2. They sing the new song that shall nev - er grow old - en; 'Tis "Glo - ry to God and the Lamb that was

3. My Sav - iour, I pant to be one of their num - ber, To join in the loud ad - o - ra - tion and

prove; There Je - sus, no long - er the Man torn and go - ry, En - folds the young forms in the arms of his
slain; While loud rings the harp that is tune - ful and gold - en, And mountain and val - ley re - ech - o the

song; But I am a sin - ner, and fol - lies en - cum - ber A heart that is weak while its tempters are

love: No sin shall de - file them, no tempt - er be - guile them, No sor - row shall wring from the bo - som a
strain. Their robes are all whiteness, their crowns are all brightness, And these to the feet of their Sav - iour they

strong. But help me, I pray thee, to nev - er be - tray thee, To bear ev - ery cross and each du - ty per -

sigh; But joy with-out ceasing, and ev - er in - creasing, The bright land of glo - ry will ev - er sup - ply.
bring; They fall down before him, with rap-ture a - dore him, The chief of ten thousand, their glo-ri - fied King.

form, To nev - er grow wea-ry in days dark and drea-ry, But love thee and serve thee in sunshine and storm.

117. No Night There.

H. K.

1. No night in the bet-ter land, No bitter night of woe, No weary marching the desert sand, While the shadows come and go.

2. No sighs in the better land,
No sighs o'er hidden grief,
No sorrows to rise, like a phantom hand,
And bar the door to relief.
3. No tears in the better land
Falling in burning rain;
For the Father's gentle and loving hand
Shall banish weeping and pain.
4. But light in the better land,
Light on the crystal sea,
Light glancing over the golden strand,
Light in the spirits free.

5. And songs in the better land,
That swell out loud and clear,
To the Saviour whose strong protecting hand
Hath brought his ransomed here.
6. There's joy in the better land,
Undimmed by shivering dread
Of an hour of parting close at hand,
Of the farewell tears to shed.
7. Oh, rapture and fullest peace
Fill the land of light and love;
And glory, for ever to increase—
Night entereth not above.

Weep not for Me.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. When in death's em-brace I lan-guish, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me;
 2. When the eye has lost its bright-ness, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me;

3. When the part-ing words are spo-ken, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me;

Christ will soothe the mor-tal an-guish, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me. Wand'ring from the fold he
 When the cheek is robed in white-ness, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me. Talk not of a Chris-tian

When the ten-der ties are bro-ken, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me. Spare me from your lov-ing

sought me, Ont of sin's enthrallment brought me; I am his; with blood he bought me;
 dy-ing, To the bet-ter life he's fly-ing; Dry the tear and hush the sigh-ing, etc.

num-ber, Dress me for the peaceful slum-ber; Care no more my heart shall cum-ber, etc.

CHORUS.

Weep not, gen - tle friends, for me. He who gave him - self for me

Calls me home with him to be; Weep not, weep not, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me.

119. Life is not Dark to Me.

H. K.

1. Life's journey is to some most dark, But 'tis not so to me; My spir-it ris-es with the lark, And all is bright I see.

2. The paths are beautiful I tread, All filled with light and joy; By Israel's gentle Shepherd led, Naught can my peace destroy.

3. The guides of earth all lead astray; They know not where to go
To find the sure and heavenly way,
Where living waters flow.
4. Sunshine and flowers diffuse around
My path, from day to day,
Sweet joys, which more and more abound,
Through Christ, who leads the way.
5. Oh, make not then life's journey dark,
It may be bright to thee;
Rise like the heavenward soaring lark,
And thou shalt happy be.

1. Ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, What snow-y robes ye wear, What rapturous song and sto - ry The

list-en-ing an - gels hear; What tune - ful notes are ring - ing From gold - en harps so sweet, What

CHORUS.
radiant crowns you're flinging At your Re-deem-er's feet. World of beau-ty! oh, to be there,

2. A throne and kingdom sharing,
As kings and priests ye reign,
The victor's palm you're bearing,
Oh, beautiful shining train.
Now angels bright invite you
The tuneful choir to hear,
And joyous strains delight you
From countless harpers there.—**СНО.**

3. The flowers around you blooming,
A grateful fragrance yield,
The balmy air perfuming,
And beautiful grove and field;
The living fount for ever
A silver streamlet throws,
While close beside the river
The tree immortal grows.—**СНО.**

4. One season bland and vernal
Your lovely land shall see,
One Saviour, King eternal,
The theme of your song shall be;
One cloudless day detain you
In court and bower and grove,
One glorious work enchain you—
The work of praise and love.—**СНО.**

Free from sin and sor-row and care, All thy bliss for ev-er to share, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world!

121. The Land of Promise.

Words and Music by A. H. WELLS.

1. There is a blessed country Be-yond our mortal sight, A land for-ev-er bloom-ing, A land without a night:

There nev-er fa-ding flow-ers In frag-rance ever bloom; It is the land of promise, A land that knows no gloom.

2. A home for weary pilgrims
Where cares no more oppress,
Where sorrows cannot enter,
And sins no more distress:
A mansion rich and glorious
Our Saviour has procured,
By his own precious life-blood,
And evermore secured.

3. There sweetest songs of praises
Entrance the heavenly choir,
While themes of rapturous gladness
Their hearts and lips inspire;
There they behold their Saviour,
In glory all divine;
They yield to him their homage,
And in his light they shine.

4. Then let us all be earnest
To seek that better land,
To yield our hearts to Jesus,
In faith and hope to stand;
And then in robes of whiteness,
With golden harps in hand,
We'll join the endless praises
Of Canaan's happy land.

1. Bathed in un-fall - en sun - light, It - self a sun - born gem, Fair gleams the glo - rious
 2. Calm in her queen - ly glo - ry, She sits, all joy and light; Pure in her bri - dal

cit - y, The new Je - ru - sa - lem! Cit - y fair - est, Splen - dor ra - rest, Let me
 beau - ty, Her rai - ment fes - tal white! Home of glad - ness, Free from sad - ness, Let me

gaze on thee! Cit - y fair - est, Splen - dor ra - rest, Let me gaze on thee!
 dwell in thee! Home of glad - ness, Free from sad - ness, Let me dwell in thee!

3. Shading her golden pavement
 The tree of life is seen,
 Its fruit-rich branches waving
 Celestial evergreen.

||: Tree of wonder, Let me under
 Thee for ever rest.:||

4. Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
 Bright in its crystal gleam,
 Bursts out the living fountain,
 Swells on the living stream.

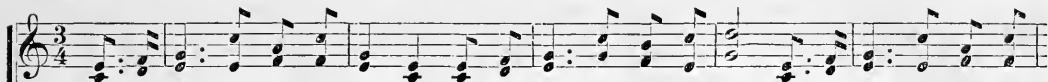
||: Blessed river, Let me ever
 Feast my eye on thee!:||

5. Stream of true life and gladness,
 Spring of all health and peace,
 No harps by thee hang silent,
 Nor happy voices cease.

||: Tranquil river, Let me ever
 Sit and sing by thee.:|| H. BONAR.

I am Waiting for the Dawning.

123



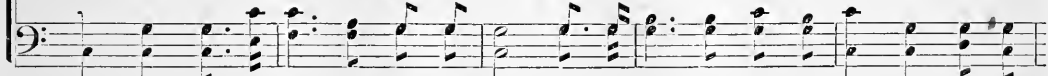
1. I am wait - ing for the dawn - ing Of the bright and bless - ed day, When the dark - some night of
 2. I am look - ing at the brightness—See it shi - neth from a - far—Of the clear and joy - ous



3. I am wait - ing for the com - ing Of the Lord who died for me: Oh, his words have thrilled my



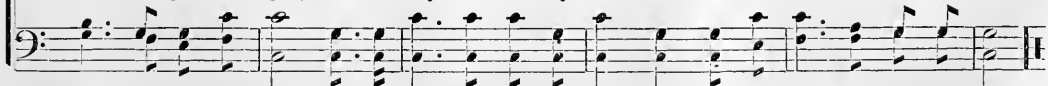
sor - row Shall have van - ished far a - way; When for ev - er with the Sav - iour, Far be -
 beam - ing Of the "Bright and Morn - ing Star." Thro' the dark gray mist of morn - ing Do I



spir - it, "I will come a - gain for thee." I can al - most hear his foot - fall On the



yond this vale of tears, I shall swell the song of wor - ship Thro' the ev - er - last - ing years.
 see its glo - rious light; Then a - way with ev - ery shad - ow Of this sad and wea - ry night.



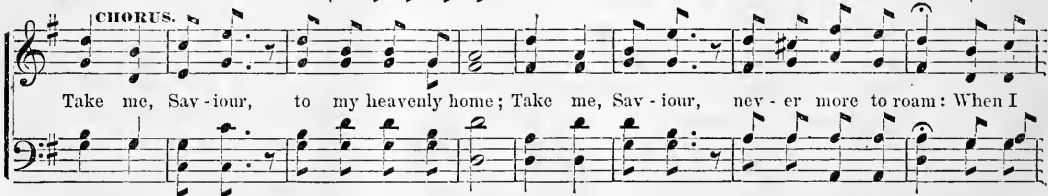
thres - hold of the door, And my heart, my heart is long - ing To be his for ev - er - more.



1. There's a bet-ter land than this, 'Tis a land of love and bliss; But the grave to that land is the por-



tal: There the eye shall never weep, There the heart with joy shall leap, There the flow'rs and the fruits are immortal.



CHORUS.
Take me, Sav-iour, to my heavenly home; Take me, Sav-iour, nev-er more to roam: When I

2. But to reach that blessed place,
And behold the lovely face
Of my Saviour and King in his beauty,
I must turn from every sin,
And in early life begin
To press on in the pathway of duty.
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.

3. I must go, a sinful child,
All unworthy and defiled,
To the cross upon Calvary's mountain;
There the Saviour's precious blood
Flows, a healing, cleansing flood,
And the guilty may wash in that fountain.
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.

4. When by Satan sorely pressed,
I can find a blessed rest
On the heart once so wounded and riven;
He will give me grace and strength,
And the victory at length
Shall be mine in the kingdom of heaven.
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.

lie with panting breath 'Neath the i - cy hand of death, Take me home to a man - sion in glo - ry.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

125. High in Yonder Realms of Light.

BLUMENTHAL.

1. High in yonder realms of light Dwell the raptured saints above, Far beyond our feeble sight, Hap-py in Immanuel's love.

The musical score is in 4/4 time, G major. It features a simple melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece ends with a repeat sign.

Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us below, Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, Torturing pain and heavy woe.

This section continues the musical theme from the previous block, with a similar melody and accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time.

2. But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,

Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3.
All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;

There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

RAFFLES.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me

there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare! { A - men.
For ver. 4 only.

2. They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3. And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh land that seest no sorrow,
Oh state that fear'st no strife,
Oh royal land of flowers,
Oh realm and home of life!

4. Oh sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Thou Mansion Bright.

1. Thou man-sion bright, thou home of light, And ev - er blest em - ploy. Where struggling faith is
 2. Thou man-sion bright, thou home of light, What gloom a - round us lay, Till gleams of thee stole

turned to sight, And sor - row turned to joy. There Je - sus sits en - throned, And
 on our sight, And changed our night to day. There Je - sus sits en - throned, etc.

saints and an - gels round, Ring out the joy - ons psalm Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

2. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,
 By Jesus' hand prepared,
 How can I lose thee from my sight,
 By worldly magic snared! There Jesus, etc.

4. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,
 I long, I long for thee;
 I long to tread the margin bright
 Along the emerald sea. There Jesus, etc.

1. I've a home in the beau-ti-ful land, Where reigneth the pur-est de-light; No sigh-ing is there, No

cloud of des-pair, No win-ter, nor tem-pest, nor night. Oh, that beau-ti-ful land!

Oh, that beau-ti-ful land! No sigh-ing is there, No cloud of des-pair, No win-ter, nor tempest, nor night.

2. There are crowns in the beautiful land, 3. There are robes in the beautiful land, 4. There are harps in the beautiful land,
 Far brighter than we can conceive, Of spotless and radiant white: Whose tones, soul-entrancing, awake
 Prepared for the blest, Each purified one At touch of the throng,
 When from labor they rest, Will outshine the sun, Who with jubilant song
 And see him in whom they believe. When robed in those garments of light. The joys of salvation partake.

The Beautiful Land.

129, 130

1. There is joy in the beau-ti-ful land, Un-fa-ding, all-ho-ly, sub-lime— Joy
 2. There is love in the beau-ti-ful land, In ev-e-ry bo-som it glows; All

put-ting to shame, As un-wor-thy of name, The mea-gre en-joy-ments of time.
 fa-cies are bright With its glo-ri-ous light, As from the E-ter-nal it flows.

3. Yes, a home in the beautiful land
 My Saviour has purchased for me;
 At infinite cost
 He recovered the lost,
 That in glory with him they might be.

4. Oh, my home in the beautiful land,
 I am sighing and longing for thee!
 How blessed to go
 From all weeping and woe,
 And from sin evermore to be free!

5. Happy home in the beautiful land,
 When my Saviour shall bring me to
 My song will be sweet, [thee,
 As I bow at his feet,
 Who bought such a mansion for me.

130. Jerusalem the Golden.

(See Music, p. 126.)

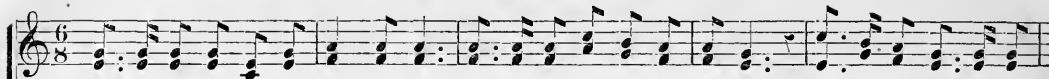
1. JERUSALEM the golden!
 I languish for one gleam
 Of all thy glory folden
 In distance and in dream!
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,
 Climb up to look and pray
 For a glimpse of that dear country
 That lies so far away.

2. Jerusalem the golden,
 There all our birds that flew—
 Our flowers but half unfolded,
 Our pearls that turned to dew—
 And all the glad life-music
 Now heard no longer here,
 Shall come again to greet us,
 As we are drawing near.

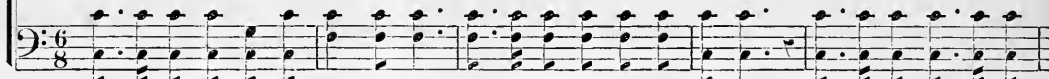
3. Jerusalem the golden,
 I toil on day by day;
 Heart-sore each night with longing,
 I stretch my hands and pray
 That, midst thy leaves of healing
 My soul shall find her nest, [ling,
 Where the wicked cease from troub-
 The weary are at rest. AMEN.

Waiting for Me at the Portal.

A. A. G.



1. Sweet-ly she sleeps with the pi - ous dead, O'er her the wil-lows are bend-ing; Night with its tears and its
 2. Clad in the garb of the pil-grim band, Once thou wast way-worn and weary; Walk-ing by faith to the



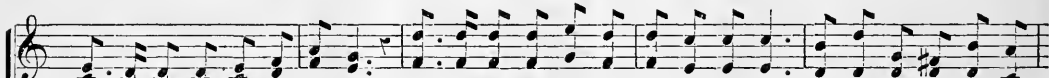
3. Tho' in the path-way to glo - ry's gate, Je - sus will guide and befriend me, Guard me from foes that in



toils is fled, Changed for a morn nev - er end-ing; Moth-er, dear moth-er, I think of thee now,
 heav'n-ly land, Thro' the wide des - ert so drea - ry: Now dost thou ev - er with rap - ture be - hold



am - bush wait, Cheer me when sor-rows at - tend me; Fain would my soul from its fet - ters be free,



Shi - ning in beau - ty im - mor - tal, Palms in thy hand and a crown on thy brow, Waiting for me at the
 Glo - ry too bright for a mor - tal, Sing the sweet song that shall never grow old, Waiting for me, etc.



Cast off the robes of the mor - tal, Join thee, dear mother, now waiting for me, Waiting for me, etc.

por - tal; Wait - ing for me, Wait - ing for me, Wait - ing for me at the por - tal.

Words by S. H. THAYER, Esq.

132. Shall we Know Each Other There?

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Shall we know each oth - er there, In the life to come? See a - gain those fa - ces

fair, With the smiles they used to wear, And their glo - rious beau - ty share, In our heav - en - ly home?

2. When we part from dearest friends—
Part in grief and pain,
O'er the gloom the rainbow bends,
One bright ray the darkness rends,
One sweet thought to heaven ascends,
"We shall meet again!"

3. By the hovering angels brought
To the souls they love,
Comes that sweet consoling thought,
With such gracious promise fraught,
Of the bliss for mourners wrought,
In the realms above.

4. When the storms of life are o'er,
And the journey done,
On that peaceful, happy shore
We shall meet to part no more,
And each loved one, gone before
Know, as we are known.

The Faded Flower.

Rev. A. A. GRALEV.

1. As the flowers that grace the wild-wood Fall be - fore the an - gry storm, Touched by death, en - ga - ging

child - hood Lies a with - ered, wast - ed form. Lit - tle flower - et, kind - ly plant - ed In the

bo - som of our home, How thy grow - ing charms en - chant - ed, Charms now hid - den in the tomb.

2. O'er the faded form we languish :
 Who or what can bring relief,
 Dry the tear, and ease the anguish?
 What can stanch the bleeding grief?
 Warm affections twined around thee,
 How we loved thee none can tell—
 In our foolish hearts enthroned thee;
 Can we, can we say, "Farewell"?

3. Mourner, cease thy lamentation,
 Why should tears thy cheek bedew?
 In this hour of desolation
 Jesus waits to comfort you.
 Rouse thee from thy deep dejection
 He can heal, restore, and bless:
 Give him all thy heart's affection,
 Let him have the lost one's place.

4. Here the hand of death can sever;
 But the object of thy love
 In its beauty blooms for ever,
 In the paradise above.
 There again shalt thou behold it,
 Robed in perfect purity;
 To thy loving heart enfold it,
 Never more to droop and die.

1. Oh, for the robes of white - ness! Oh, for the tear - less eyes! Oh, for the glo - rious
 2. Oh, for the bliss of fly - ing, My ris - en Lord to meet! Oh, for the rest of

3. Je - sus, thou King of Glo - ry, I soon shall dwell with thee; I soon shall sing the

bright - ness Of the un - cloud - ed skies, Oh, for the no - more weep - ing With -
 ly - ing For ev - - er at his feet! Oh, for the hour of see - ing My

sto - ry Of thy great love to me, Mean-while my thoughts shall en - ter E'en

in the land of love, The end - less joy of keep - ing The bri - dal feast a - bove!
 Sav - iour face to face; The hope of ev - er be - ing In that sweet meet - ing - place!

now be - fore thy throne, That all my love may cen - tre In thee, and thee a - lone.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle

twi-ght, For an-oth-er day is gone—Gone for aye; its race is o-ver; Soon the

dark-er shades will come; Still, 't is sweet to know at e-ven We are one day near-er home.

2. "One day nearer," sings the sailor,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home."

3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done:
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are "one day nearer home."

4. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And its lights hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're "one day nearer home."

1. I have a home not made with hands; In heaven e - ter - nal - ly it stands, Sur-
 round-ed by an - gel - ic bands; Oh, 'tis a glo - rious home! Far from that home I here re-main; I
 toil and suf - fer on in pain, Un - til that heavenly rest I gain—My dear and hap - py home.

2. If I had pinions like a dove,
 With steadfast eye on things above,
 I'd mount upon the wings of love

Up to that blessed home,
 My heavenly Father to adore,
 To shout and sing for evermore
 His praise, with those who've gone before
 To their eternal home.

3. Loved ones are there, to me most dear,
 I knew them well when they were here;
 They sing in God the Father's ear,
 Their God, who took them home.

I long to join that glorious band,
 To find my place at God's right hand,
 And sing with those who round him stand
 In their celestial home.

4. Dear Saviour, give us daily grace
 To fit us for that holy place,
 And help us still to run the race

That brings us to our home.
 Oh, there we shall most happy be,
 From every sin and sorrow free,
 And all our bliss we'll find in thee,
 Our dearest Lord, at home.



1. When myste - ri - ous whis - pers are float - ing a - bout, And voi - ces that will not be still Shall
2. There are lit - tle ones glan - cing a - bout on my path In need of a friend and a guide ; There are



3. There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love ; There are wretched ones pa - cing the street ; There are



summon me hence from the slippery shore To the waves that are silent and still ; When I look with chang'd eyes at the
dim lit - tle eyes looking up into mine, Whose tears could be easily dried ; But Je - sus may beck - on the



friendless and suffering strangers around ; There are tempted and poor I must meet. There are many un - tho't of, whom



home of the blest, Far out of the reach of the sea—Will a - ny one stand at that beau - ti - ful gate
chil - dren a - way, In the midst of their grief or their glee—Will some of them be at that beau - ti - ful gate, etc.



hap - py and blest, In the land of the good I shall see ; Will some of them be at the beau - ti - ful gate, etc.

Waiting and watching for me? Waiting and watching, waiting and watching, Waiting and watching for me?

138. Oh, to be over Yonder!

H. K.

1. { Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of joy and won - der, Where the an - gel voi - ces
To be free from pain and sor - row And the anx - ious, dread to - mor - row, And to rest in light and

2. { Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! For the long - ing grow - eth strong - er When I see the soar - ing
I long for their fleet pin - ions, So to reach my Lord's do - min - ions, And to rest my wea - ry

1st time. 2d time.

mingle, and the an - gel harp - ers ring!
sunshine in the presence of the King.

wild doves cleave the air on rapid wing;
spir - it in the presence of the King!

3. Oh, to be over yonder,
In that land of joy and wonder,
Where are life and light and sunshine beaming fair
on every thing:
Where the day-beam is unshaded,
And pure as He who made it,
In the land of cloudless sunshine where my Saviour
is the King!

4. Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where the angel-voices swelling [ring?
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning stars are beaming—
Oh, that I may soon go over to the presence of my King!

1. There's a beau-ti-ful riv-er a-bove, Which flows from the midst of the throne, Whose surface no tempests dis-

turb, Un-ruf-fled it sweet-ly glides on. There's a beau-ti-ful cit-y a-bove, With

walls deck'd with jewels so rare, With streets of pure glit-ter-ing gold, To which nothing on earth can compare.

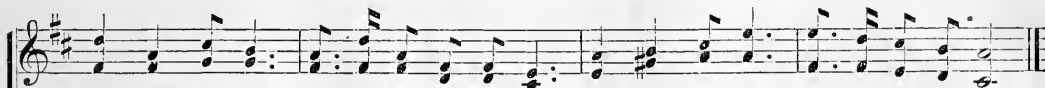
2. There are beautiful mansions above,
 Prepared by the Saviour for those
 Who look for salvation to him
 And only on him do repose.
 There's a beautiful anthem above,
 Which the glorified ever shall sing,
 Whose notes, as they swell through the heavens,
 Sweet praise to the Saviour shall bring.

3. There are beautiful angels above,
 Surrounding the throne of the Lamb,
 Whose service—blest service—it is,
 To worship, unceasing, his name.
 And all these bright, beautiful things,
 And more than the heart can conceive,
 Are offered by God in his love
 To all who on Jesus believe.

Welcome Home.



1. Je - sus wel-comes, when they've crossed the river, Youth - ful pil-grims to the shi-ning shore:
 2. Once they jour-neyed thro' the des-ert drea-ry, Weep-ing, toil-ing, while the cross they bore;



Fair and hap-py they shall reign for ev-er; Sin and sor-row they shall know no more.
 Now no long-er soiled by tears and wea-ry, They are rest-ing on the peace-ful shore.



CHORUS.



Would you meet them? Would you greet them? Fly to Je-sus ere thy sun-ny morn is o'er.



3. Now they enter through the pearly portal,
 Crowned with glory, clad in white attire;
 Now they gather fruits and flowers immortal,
 Now with rapture strike the golden lyre.
 CHO.—Would you meet them? etc.

4. They loved Jesus ere they crossed the river,
 In their bosoms glowed the holy flame;
 Now with Jesus they shall walk for ever
 In the pasture by the gentle stream.
 CHO.—Would you meet them? etc.

The Land Beyond the River.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. To the land be-yond the riv - er Those we loved have gone be-fore: Tears have ceased to flow for-

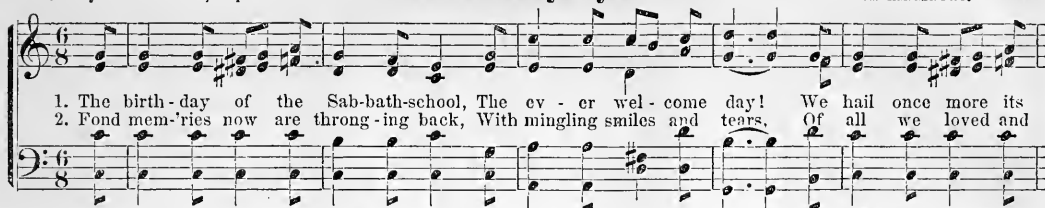
ev - er, For the reign of grief is o'er: Sin shall nev - er more de-file them,

Foes shall nev - er more dis-tress, Fol - ly nev - er more be - guile them From the way of ho - li-ness.

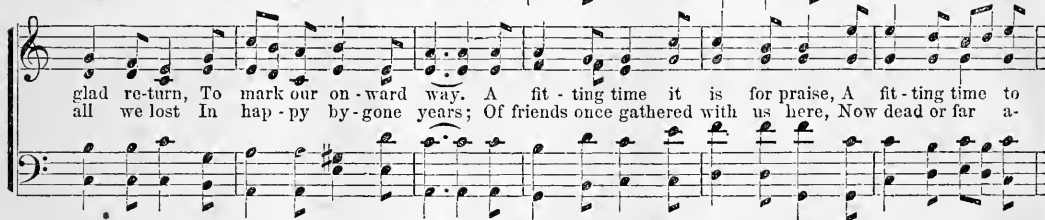
2. Once, their faith and patience failing,
Trembled they with dire alarms;
Now, his beauty all unveiling,
Jesus takes them to his arms:
Ended all their toils and losses,
Ceased the struggle and the strife;
They've exchanged their heavy crosses
For the fadeless crown of life.

3. Saviour, thou who didst uphold them
When they wept and struggled here,
To thy loving heart didst fold them,
And their drooping spirits cheer;
Thou art ever kind and tender,
Ever mighty is thy arm;
Be thou then our strong defender
In the battle and the storm.

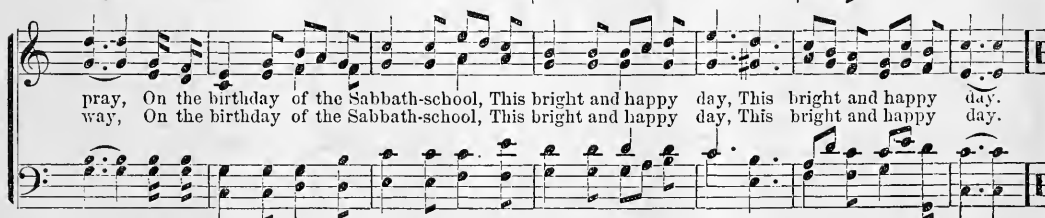
4. Land of love and fadeless beauty,
Till thy glory we shall view,
We will walk the path of duty
With the holy and the true;
Soon we'll reach the rolling river,
Soon will walk the shining shore,
Sing redemption's song for ever
With the loved ones gone before.



1. The birth-day of the Sab-bath-school, The ev - er wel - come day! We hail once more its
2. Fond mem-ries now are throng-ing back, With mingling smiles and tears, Of all we loved and



glad re-turn, To mark our on-ward way. A fit-ting time it is for praise, A fit-ting time to
all we lost In hap-py by-gone years; Of friends once gathered with us here, Now dead or far a-



pray, On the birthday of the Sabbath-school, This bright and happy day, This bright and happy day.
way, On the birthday of the Sabbath-school, This bright and happy day, This bright and happy day.

3. A joyous greeting to the day
To all our hearts so dear;
A loving welcome to the friends
Who come to meet us here:
For all their sympathy and aid
Our hearty thanks we pay, etc.

4. To Him who sends us all good gifts
From his blest home above,
Who claims our gratitude and praise,
Our worship and our love,
We consecrate our lives anew,
And give ourselves away, etc.

5. Be thou, O Lord, thro' all our years
Our guardian and our guide,
For his dear love, who for our sakes
Came down from heaven and died,
And save us all in him at last —
Thus would we humbly pray, etc.

The Better World.

H. K.

1. There's a fair - er world than this, brothers, There's a fair - er world than this, Where all the beauti-ful

ones are gone, Whom here we mourn and miss; Where flowers of won - der - ful fragrance grow, And

bloom e - ter - nal - ly, And the tree of life drops gold - en fruit On the shore of the crys-tal sea:

2. There's a happier world than this, brothers,
 There's a happier world than this,
 Where comes no death, no grief, no pain
 To mar the perfect bliss.
 No strife is there and no rude alarm,
 But all is peace and love;
 No night is there, but endless day,
 For the Lamb is the light thereof.—Cho.
3. There's a better world than this, brothers,
 There's a better world than this,
 Where no disciple denies his Lord,
 Nor wounds him with a kiss;
 Where dwell for ever in holiness
 The ransomed and the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.—Cho.
4. Shall we wake in that bright world, brothers,
 When we close our eyes on this,
 And lay aside these robes of shame
 For the robe of righteousness?
 Do we choose our portion and cast our lot
 With those to whom 't is given
 To bear the Saviour's cross on earth,
 And wear his crown in heaven?—Cho.

CHORUS.

Come then, brothers, come with me, And that bright world our home shall be For all e - ter - ni - ty.

144. Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

Semi-Chorus.

Chorus.

Semi-Chorus.

Chorus.

1. We've list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord; E - ter - nal life our guiding star, Victors thro' his word.
2. We've girded on our armor bright, Battling for the Lord; Our Captain's word our strength and might, Victors, etc.

FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord,
And nobly fight, but never yield,
Victors through his word.—Cho.
4. Though sin and death our way oppose, Battling for the Lord,
Thro' grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Victors through his word.—Cho.
5. And when our glorious war is o'er, Battling for the Lord,
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Victors through his word.—Cho.

Farewell.

A. A. G.



1. There is a word of sad-ness, 'Tis known a-lone on earth It steals a-way the
glad-ness That shines a-round the hearth; We see the tear-drops start-ing From
out their crys-tal cell: It is the hour of part-ing, And friendship sighs, Fare-well.

2. We see a loved one languish
Upon the couch of death;
We gather round in anguish,
And wait the parting breath:
But ere the tie is broken,
From lips all pale and chill

We hear love's latest token,
'The last, the sad Farewell!

3.
But o'er the deep cold river
There is a peaceful shore,

Where saints shall live for ever,
And partings are no more:
They hear no mournful story,
They hear no funeral knell,
And not an heir of glory
Shall ever say, Farewell!

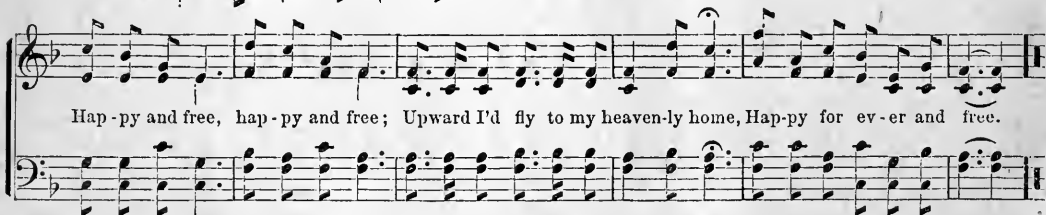


1. Ye troub - led sighs, ye flow - ing tears, Thou throb - bing, rest - less heart, Ye gloom - y doubts, ye
2. Here foes af - fright and tem - pests rage, And world - lings scoff and frown; I long to end my

CHORUS.



chill - ing fears, I long from you to part. Up - ward I'd fly to my heaven - ly home,
pil - grim - age, And robe and staff lay down. Up - ward I'd fly to my heaven - ly home, etc.



Hap - py and free, hap - py and free; Upward I'd fly to my heaven - ly home, Hap - py for ev - er and free.

3. O land of harp, O land of song,
O land of peace and joy,
I long to join your tuneful throng,
And share your sweet employ.—CHO.

10

4. There Jesus, once for sinners slain,
In beauty reigns supreme;
I pant to join the choral train,
His love my endless theme.—CHO.

5. Ye captive souls, by sin controlled,
The Son can make you free;
Ye wanderers from the Shepherd's fold,
Return, and sing with me.—CHO.

145

Sweet is the Light.



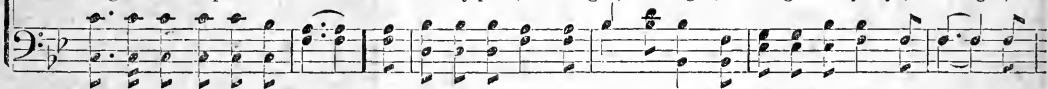
1. Sweet is the light of the summer morn Streaming thro' wildwood and bower, Robing in beauty the verdant lawn,



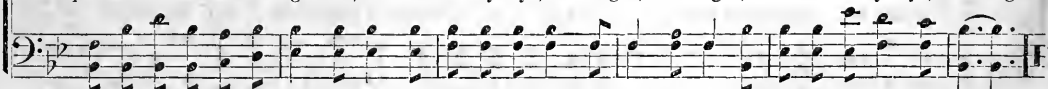
CHORUS.



Smiling on dewdrop and flower. Then shine on my path, sweet light, sweet light, And brighten my days, sweet light, Till



upward I soar to the shining shore, And bask in thy rays, sweet light, sweet light, And bask in thy rays, sweet light.



2. Sweet is the light of the sacred page,
Dear to the spirit oppressed;
Cheering the pilgrim from youth to
age,
Guiding the soul to its rest.—Cho.
3. Sweet is the light of the Saviour's face,
Chasing the fears that annoy;
Warming and raising each drooping
grace,
Waking the accents of joy.—Cho.
4. Sweet is the light where the ransomed
sing—
Light that for ever shall shine;
Never obscured by the night's dark wing,
Perfect, eternal, divine.—Cho.

1. A - rise and speed the cause of truth To earth's re - mo - test bound: With glowing love and ar - dent zeal Build

CHORUS.

up the church, till in her pale A ransomed world is found. Oh, work, oh, work and pray while lasts the

Oh, work and pray while lasts the day;

day; O Christian, work and pray, oh work and pray. When sets thy sun, thy work is done; O Christian, work and pray.

Work and pray, O Christian, work and pray. When sets thy sun, thy work is done;

2. Yes, pray, for thou thyself art weak,
And foes are strong around;
But prayer will bring the blessing down,
And with success thy efforts crown,
And all thy foes confound.—CHO.

3. Yes, work, for who can dwell at ease
In such a glorious day?
Behold! the armies of the Lord,
With banner bright, and shield and sword,
Are marching to the fray.—CHO.

4. Yes, work and pray till heart and hand
Shall moulder in the tomb;
Then at the resurrection morn
A crown thy forehead shall adorn,
And angels shout thee home.—CHO.

The Sweet Birds are Singing.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.

1. The sweet birds are sing - ing O'er mea - dow and tree; Oh, sure - ly they're

teach - ing A les - son to me: 'Tis that I must be joy - ful In

God all my days, And soar - ing tow'rd heav - en, Keep war - bling his praise.

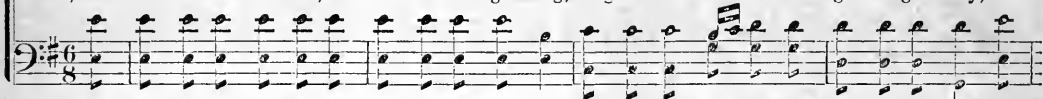
2. The little ant toiling
From morning till night,
Upon my heart deeply
A lesson may write:
'Tis to fill up each moment
Of time as it flies,
And have all my treasure
Laid up in the skies.

3. The bee, too, that gathers
A sweet from each flower,
And toils for the wintry day
Hour after hour,
Softly hums in my hearing,
That if I will strive
To be cheerful, and labor,
A rest I shall have.

4. Then Jesus stands waiting
So kindly: behold,
He calls every one of us
Into his fold:
"Come to me, the good Shepherd;
My lambs I will lead;
I'll carry the weary,
The hungry I'll feed."



1. Lo, wide o'er the earth hangs the man-tle of darkness, Cheerless and drea-ry the hours of the night; When
2. O watcher of Zi-on, the east is all glow-ing, Bright are the beams that are glad'ning the sky; How



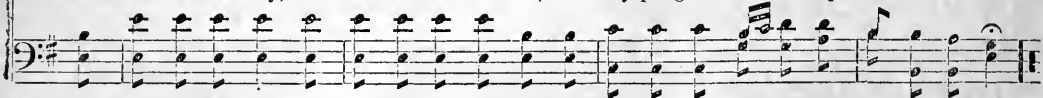
far in the east steals the first beam of brightness; Oh, see, 'tis the com-ing of morning's soft light.
fast are the shades of thy night dis-ap-pear-ing; Be-hold, the glad day of re-demp-tion is nigh.



CHORUS.



Look out on the sky, O watcher of Zi-on, The Dayspring from heaven up-on us hath shone.



3. Oh, rouse thee up quickly, thy work is before thee;
Sea-girdled islands and wide-spreading land
Invite thee to bear them the tidings of gladness;
They wait thee on mountain, on wave, and on strand.
4. Thou Source of all light, we rejoice in thy coming,
Gladly we hail this, the dawn of thy day;
Oh, pour thou upon us the light of thy glory,
And on our soul's darkness now shed thine own ray.

1. The dead - ly cup while oth - ers drink, We'll nev - er, nev - er taste it; It lures us on to
ru - in's brink, And thou - sands have con - fessed it. Come, boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign, Be
temp'rance sons and daughters; We'll ban - ish bran - dy, rum, and wine, And drink the crys - tal wa - ters.

2. We'll never take God's name in vain,
And never will profane it;
The virtuous heart shall ne'er complain
Our oaths alarm and pain it:
No words profane our lips shall move,
No words obscene defile them;
And swearers we'll entreat in love,
And pray for, not revile them.

3. We'll never use the filthy weed
We taste at first with loathing,
Which pales the cheek all blooming red,
And scents the breath and clothing:
If we beneath its power should fall,
'T will prove a cruel master,
Around us throw its iron thrall,
And bind the captive faster.

4. Then come, a war we'll nobly wage
With all that would degrade us;
The foe may meet us in his rage,
But God will surely aid us:
No tyrant habit e'er shall sit
Enthroned and crowned within us;
We'll cast ourselves at Jesus' feet,
And love divine shall win us.

The Young Workers.

152

1. { We'll not in fol - ly spend our youth, For life is but a span; We'll join the friends of
The har - vest ripe and rea - dy stands, The reap - ers are but few; Then sure - ly youth-ful

CHORUS.
God and truth, And do what good we can. } Yes, yes, cheerful-ly, hopeful-ly, Let us be rea-dy to
hearts and hands May something find to do.

do what we can; Yes, yes, faith-ful-ly, ear nest-ly, Let us be do-ing, for life is a span.

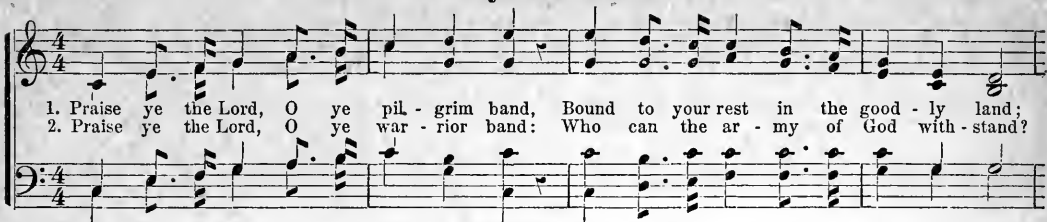
2. In lofty deeds which pens record
We may not share a part,
But still a prayer, a tear, a word,
May ease an aching heart;
The gospel we may never bear
To lands of heathen night,

But we may help to scatter there
The rays of saving light.
CHO.—Yes, yes, cheerfully, etc.

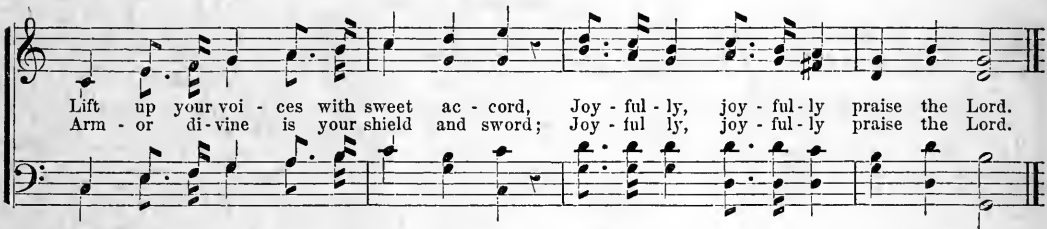
3. But little gold have we to give,
For scanty is our score;

But we a godly life may live,
And who can tell its power?
Oh, yes, there 's much that we can do,
In childhood and in youth,
To bless a world of sin and woe,
And speed the cause of truth.—Cho.

Praise ye the Lord!



1. Praise ye the Lord, O ye pil - grim band, Bound to your rest in the good - ly land;
2. Praise ye the Lord, O ye war - rior band: Who can the ar - my of God with - stand?



Lift up your voi - ces with sweet ac - cord, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly praise the Lord.
Arm - or di - vine is your shield and sword; Joy - ful ly, joy - ful - ly praise the Lord.

CHORUS.



Praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him; Praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

3. Praise ye the Lord, O ye toiling band;
Blest is the work of your heart and hand;
Jesus shall be by the world adored;
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHORUS.

4. Bound to the beautiful land of rest,
Meeting the foe with a dauntless breast,
Working for Jesus by deed and word,
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHORUS.

Lord; Praise ye the Lord as ye pass a - long; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly raise the song!

154. Brightest and Best.

H. K.

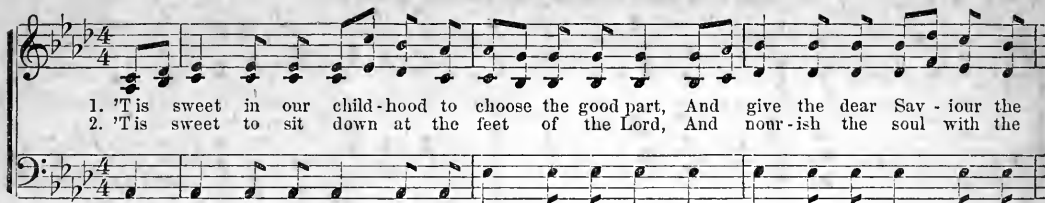
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shi-ning, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - cli-nig, Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

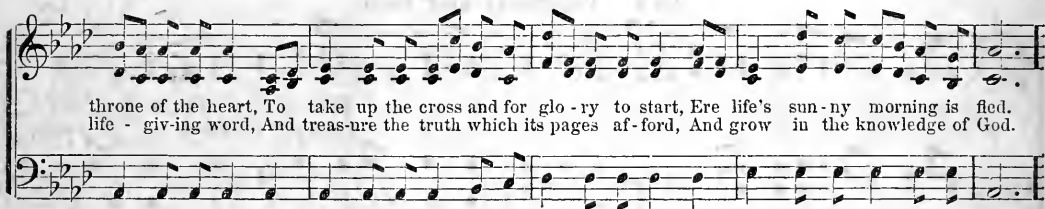
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. HEBER.

Repeat verse 1 to close with.

The Beauty of Early Piety.

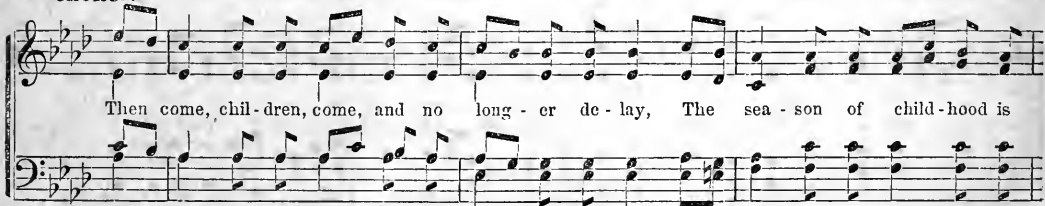


1. 'Tis sweet in our child-hood to choose the good part, And give the dear Sav - iour the
 2. 'Tis sweet to sit down at the feet of the Lord, And nour-ish the soul with the



throne of the heart, To take up the cross and for glo - ry to start, Ere life's sun - ny morning is fled.
 life - giv-ing word, And treas-ure the truth which its pages af-ford, And grow in the knowledge of God.

CHORUS.



Then come, chil-dren, come, and no long - er de - lay, The sea - son of child-hood is

3. 'Tis sweet, when the image of Christ we behold,
 Adorning a life just begun to unfold;
 For brighter and purer than jewels or gold
 Is grace in the heart of a child.—CHORUS.

4. Oh, yes, it is sweet when the children begin
 To turn from the pathway of folly and sin,
 To walk with the holy, and labor to win
 A throne and a crown in the skies.—CHORUS.



Words by Rev. T. WOLCOTT, D. D.

156. Father, I Own thy Voice.

H. KINGSBURY.



2. Saviour, I cling to thee,
Thou victor in the strife;
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,
My peace, my hope, my life.

3. Father, behold thy child;
Guide me, and guard from ill;
In dangers thick, in deserts wild,
Be my protector still.

4. Saviour, gird me with power
For thee the cross to bear;
Victorious in temptation's hour,
Safe from the secret snare.

157. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

1. The last fond look is ta - ken, The last fare - wells are spo - ken, And the
 2. Our falt - 'ring feet shall fol - low, The paths we've trod to - geth - er, In the

sil - ver cord is loosed, And the gold - en bowl is bro - ken, And those
 spring-time's cheer - ful days, In the sun - ny sum - mer weath - er; But a

eyes our eyes shall meet, And that voice our ears shall greet nev - er - more, nev - er - more!
 smi - ling, joy - ous band, We shall tread them, hand in hand, nev - er - more, nev - er - more!

3. We are bereaved and stricken,
 Our hearts with grief are swelling
 Our deep, unspoken woe
 These bitter tears are telling;
 But from out that placid sleep
 Those eyes shall wake to weep,
 Nevermore, nevermore!

4. No more the toil and trouble,
 The wounded spirit's anguish,
 The countless ills and pains
 Under which we sadly languish,
 Shall disturb that spirit blest,
 In its everlasting rest,
 Nevermore, nevermore!

5. Cease then our fond complaining,
 Our unavailing sorrow,
 And with a cheerful faith
 Let us wait that glorious morrow,
 When, upon that peaceful shore,
 We shall meet to part no more,
 Nevermore, nevermore!

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ECHO TO HAPPY VOICES.

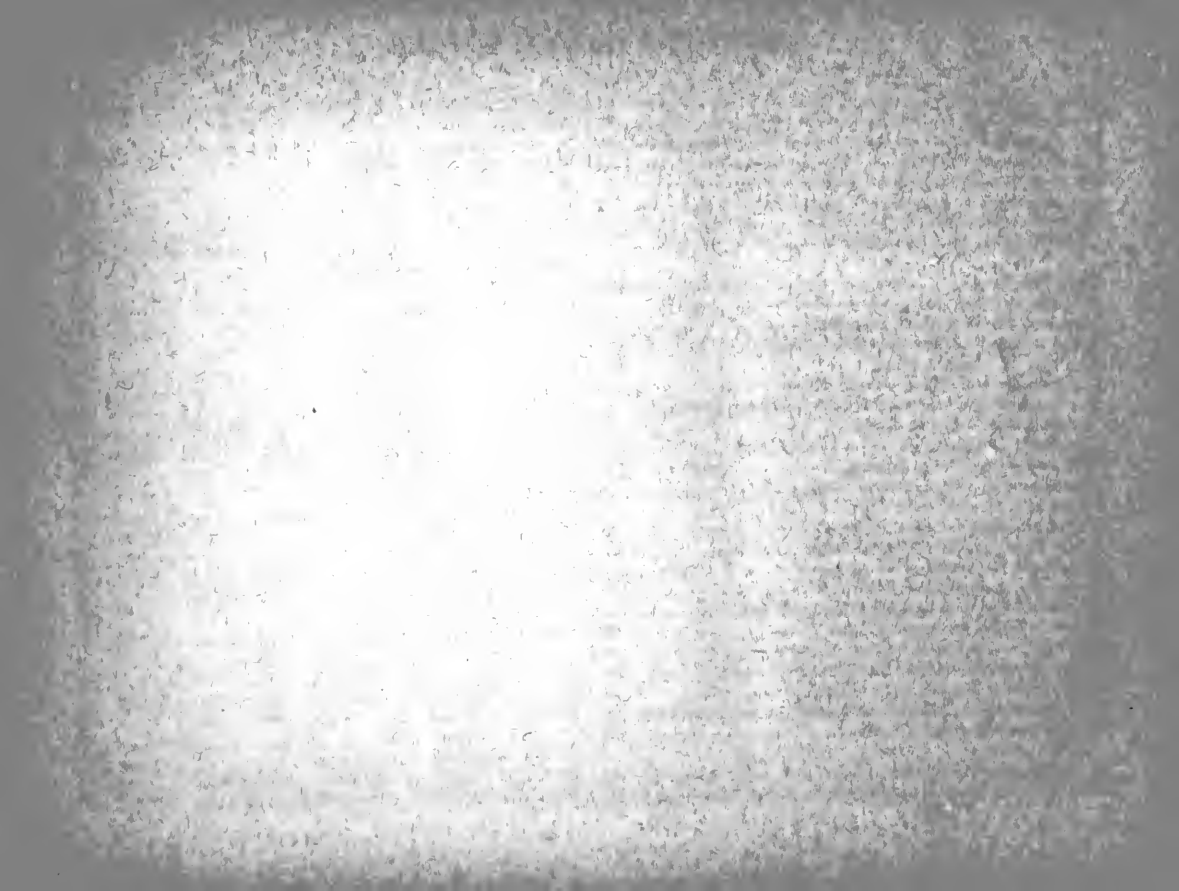
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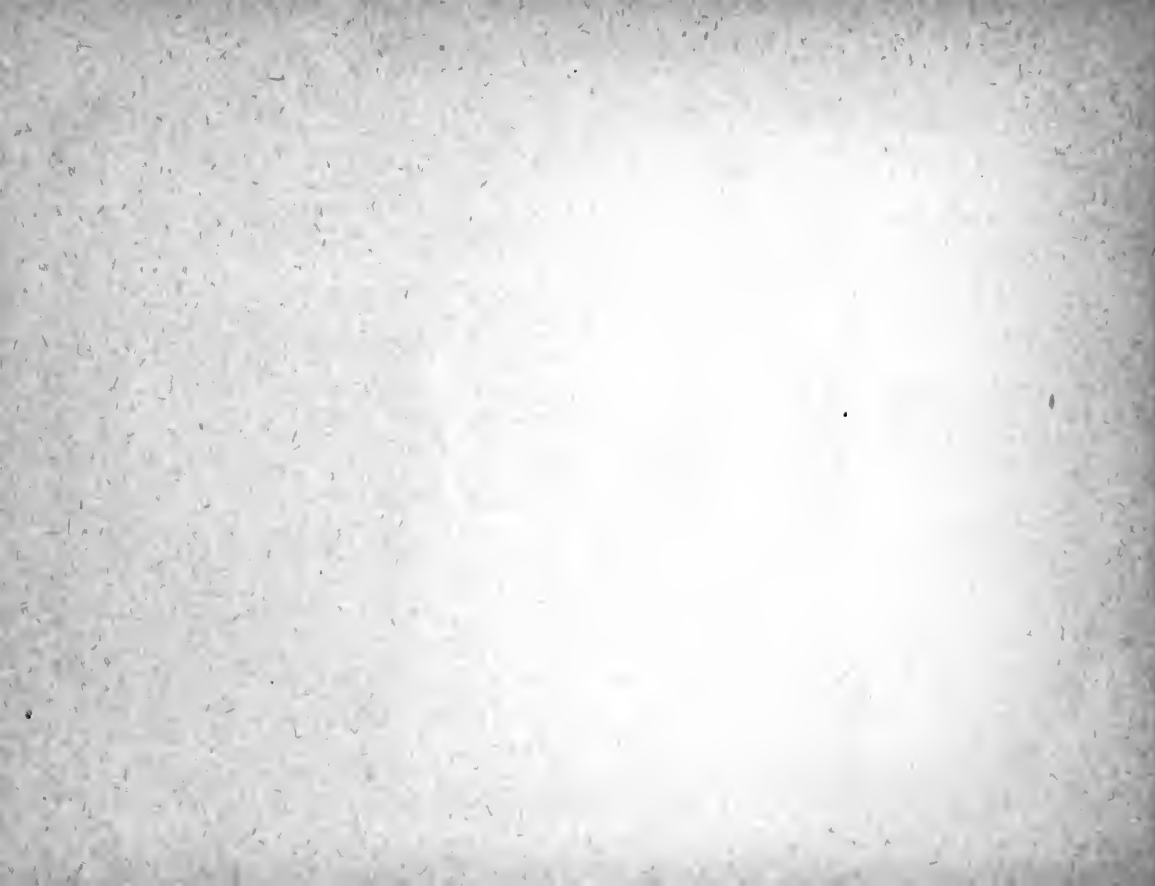
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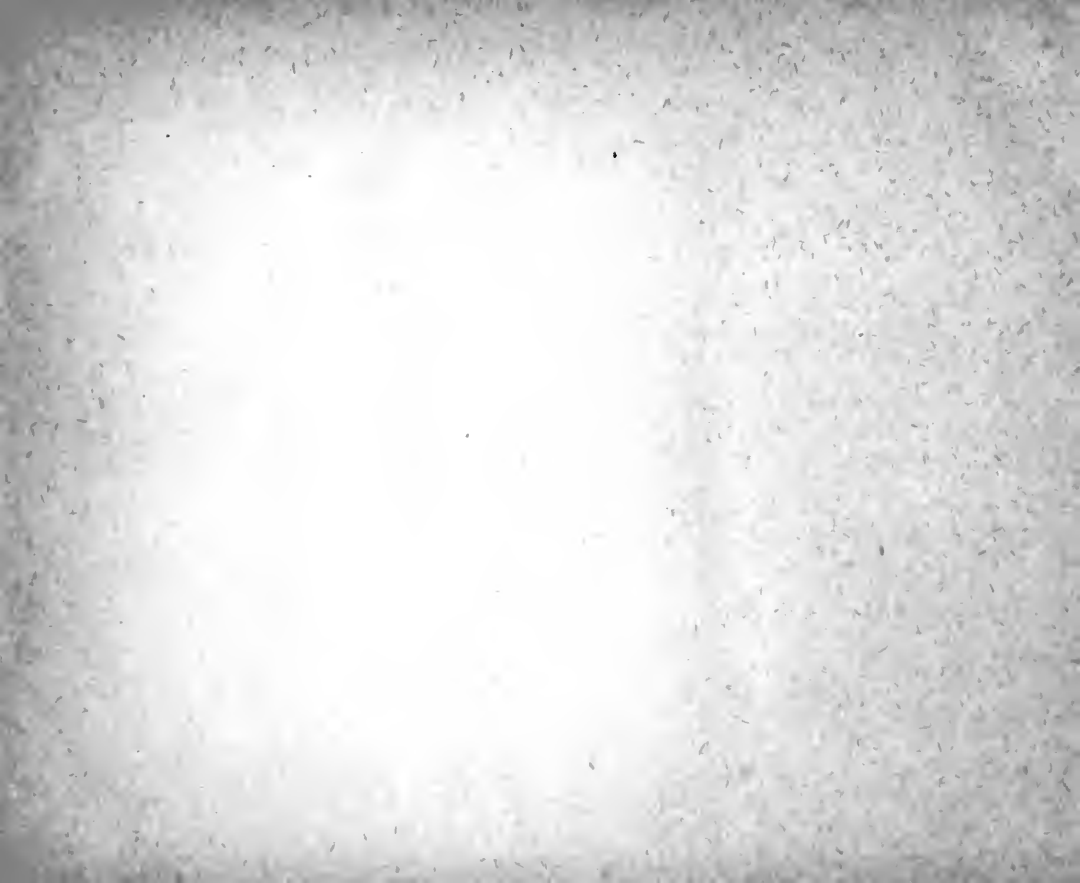
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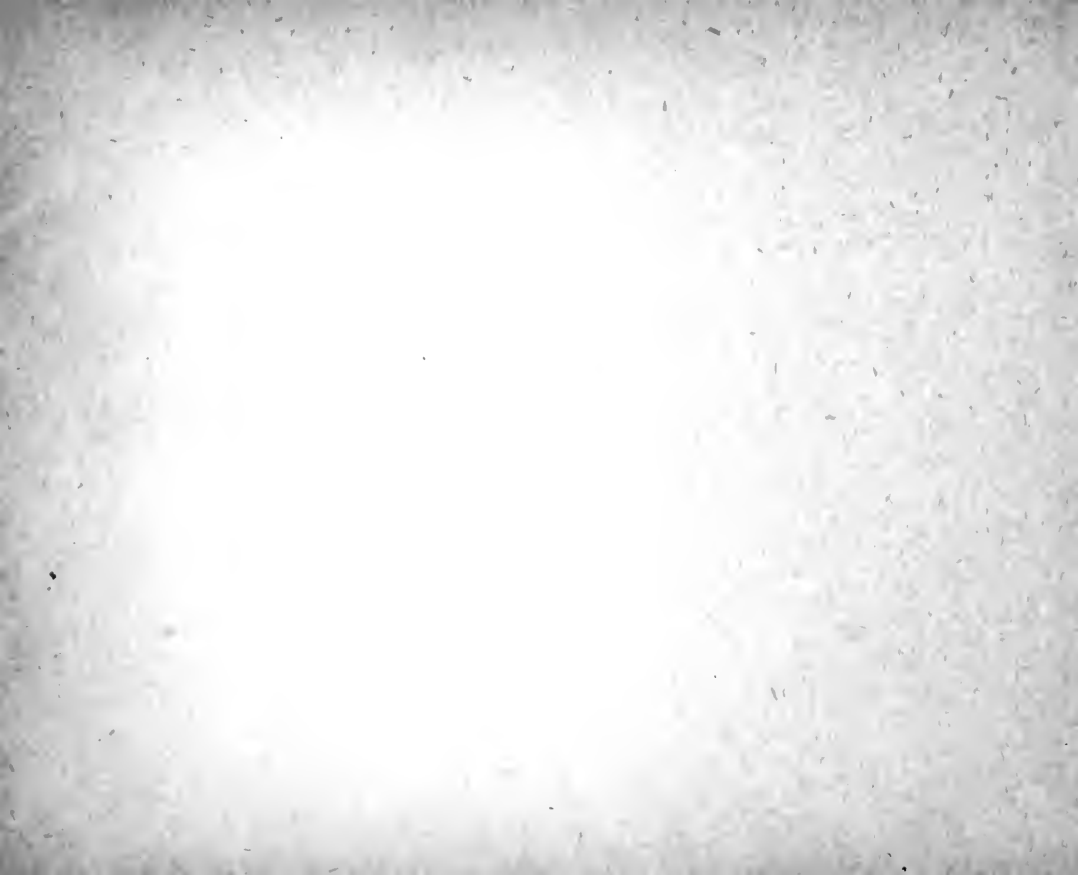
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